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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Campaign in Finland

Whatever may be said of the Red Army's equipment, morale or tactics in the war against Finland, its strategy seems to be well conceived. The Finns have fought heroically to obstruct the campaign, and in the first month of hostilities have done so, though their peril is still acute. The main Soviet objective is obviously to cut Finland's rail connections with Sweden, which is her chief route for supplies, now that the Arctic port of Petsamo has been closed by the Russians. The Baltic is of course blockaded, and winter transportation is difficult there in any case. While launching heavy attacks against the Mannerheim line on the Karelian Isthmus in the south and trying to pierce or turn it, the Red commanders have aimed three other armies at the Gulf of Bothnia, around the top of which the railroad runs. Two have come from the eastward, converging across the narrowest part of the country. These, according to Finnish reports, have been halted by the cutting of Russian communications; large bodies of troops are surrounded. But the third, coming down from the north, and based on the Soviet military headquarters of Murmansk, seems to be more successful.

Can the Finns withstand the continuous hammering of immensely superior man-power? One reason they have been able to hold out so far is that they have had prepared positions, while their enemies cannot entrench themselves in the frozen ground. But by spring this handicap will be ended. If the League powers want to save Finland they had better hurry.

Britain Forces the Pace

The Germans have discovered that Britain has submarines too; no sooner had the "Graf Spee" been sunk by Hitler's order than British authorities announced that one German cruiser had been torpedoed while lying at her base, screened by destroyers, and that two others had been hit at sea. If these accounts are true, the "Royal Oak" has been avenged. Almost immediately after these submarine raids, the Royal Air Force made a raid, with the largest squadron of bombing planes yet in action, over the Helgoland naval base. Concerning this raid both sides agree only in one particular—little damage was done by bombing; the British say the German fleet was not there. The Germans assert they shot down thirty-four planes and lost two; the British put the corresponding figures at seven and twelve. But the significant fact is that Britain is taking the offensive in the air and on the sea. She is patrolling and attacking the bases of German aircraft mine-layers, invading German harbors. By spring, the Allies hope to have sufficient command of the air to be able to take the risks involved in a continual air offensive; this is the first sign of their plans. Meanwhile, Germany continues to sink merchantmen at about the usual rate, though many of the latest victims are small trawlers.

Mussolini Will Muscle In

Count Ciano, Mussolini's Foreign Minister, son-in-law and probable successor, made a long speech the other day, in which the main theme was that Italy is

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out for herself. When did anybody think anything else? The bulk of the speech was composed of expressions of regard for Germany and hostility toward Britain and France, but it contained a few significant statements that outweigh all the other verbiage. Germany and Italy had agreed, said Ciano, that they needed three or more years to complete their war preparations; hence Italy was not ready to fight last September. Mussolini tried to get Hitler to accept mediation of the Polish issue but he would not do so; his decision to fight, it appears from Ciano's dates, was made before the events which German propaganda uses in the attempt to prove that the war was made necessary by Britain. Italy was not informed of the Russian pact until just before it was announced. Italy's fence-sitting is thus explained. But Mussolini's foreign policy is always as transparent as that of any gangster: he will either fight or sell out, according to the swag he can get either way. He expects to be in a position to obtain what he wants from the Allies either by force or as a bribe. Meanwhile he has everything to gain by standing in with Hitler—as long as he does not have to fight on his side.

Cactus Jack Announces

The open secret is a secret no longer. Vice President Garner has formally announced that he wants the Democratic nomination for President. We doubt whether Mr. Garner or anyone else believes that a conservative Democrat could be elected next fall. What Cactus Jack is saying is, in effect, that he prefers to see a Republican victory to a continuance of the New Deal.

What effect does this move have on the effort to draft Mr. Roosevelt for a third term? Mr. Raymond Clapper, the excellent political strategist of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, thinks it is a fatal one. He says the country might accept another four years if it came by acclamation from a united party; but if there is a violent struggle for delegates at the convention, with strong-arm tactics, trading and deals, the picture will be too much like a President forcing himself into another term. There is certainly something in this, but we are not prepared to believe it is the whole story and that a third-term movement becomes impossible the moment any other candidate enters the lists. If there were several men in the contest at the time of the convention, the picture would be different. It would be different too if there were tremendous popular support for the draft-Roosevelt movement. The Garner candidacy makes the work of the third term more difficult; but it is too early to say that it becomes impossible.

The CIO Proposes

The CIO has just made public its legislative program and the newspapers have given nearly all their attention to only one part of it—the demand for modification of the National Labor Relations Act. The CIO wants criminal penalties imposed on violators, bringing the statute into line with the railway labor act and the wages-and-hours measure. The New Republic some months ago published an article on the desirability of these amendments. The CIO also wants the government to extend a principle already in force and refuse all public contracts to firms with "reactionary and vicious anti-labor" policies. Maybe it is good politics for the CIO to ask that the law be made stronger when the AFL has joined hands with reactionary employers to make it weaker; there is always the danger, however, that if the question of amendment is brought up at all in Congress, the Tories will get their way.

The CIO platform dealt with many other subjects; we summarize:

It would outlaw industrial spies and the purchase of tear gas and guns by employers.

It asks an emergency conference on the problems of unemployment, a sound work program for a minimum of 3,000,000 jobless and a plan for 4,000,000 unemployed young people between fifteen and twenty-five.

Old-age pensions are suggested, giving $60 a month at age sixty plus $30 a month for elderly wives.

It critizes unemployment-insurance provisions, asking that they be regularized and increased.

It wants hospitals built with federal aid, a public health-service attack on such diseases as pneumonia, tuberculosis and syphilis, the stamping out of industrial diseases like silicosis and comprehensive health insurance.

The CIO wants the number of houses built annually increased from 450,000 to 1,000,000. Of the increase 250,000 would be houses built with public money.

Pointing out that federal revenue came 30 percent from consumption taxes ten years ago and 50 percent today, the CIO demands that this process be halted and reversed, with heavier taxes on big concentrations of wealth. It favors excess-profits taxes, the abolition of tax-exempt securities, larger inheritance and gift taxes and the stopping of loopholes in the law.

This is a challenging program and, be it noted, a conservative one. It is designed to make our present system endurable, not to supplant it by any other. We believe these to be admirable suggestions; we hope Congress will give them the consideration they deserve.

The Attack on the Alien (Cont'd)

When Congress meets, the aliens will again be in trouble. There are several bills affecting them pending in one House or the other or both. Representative McCormack of Massachusetts would punish anybody who advocated the overthrow of government by force and violence. Senator David Walsh of Massachusetts would forbid all criticism of the army and navy or the use of the National Guard—in strikes or otherwise. Representative Howard Smith of Virginia, now engaged in smearing the NLRB, would fingerprint all immigrants and deport every alien who had at any time belonged to an organization in which mem-

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bership is a deportable offense. Senator Robert Reynolds of North Carolina would register every alien. Representative John J. Dempsey would deport every alien who advocated *any* change in our form of government. Representative Sam Hobbs would put into prison indefinitely aliens who could not be deported to the countries of which they were citizens. Comment on these various proposals is hardly necessary. Those that are not actually unconstitutional move dangerously toward regimentation and terrorization. Probably the peril that some of them will be enacted is increased by the effect the Dies Red-hunt has had upon the country. The friends of freedom in the next session of Congress will have their work cut out for them.

Dies Committee or Hearst Committee?

The great attack on consumers' organizations by J. B. Matthews of the Dies Committee now looks like a dud. Mr. Matthews, formerly of Consumers' Research, found Communists lurking in almost every group that tries to aid the American housewife except, oddly enough, Consumers' Research. One by one, the institutions he tried to smear have come forward to deny his charges, and with seeming success. It is hard to convince the American people that someone who warns you about poisonous sprays on fruit, lead in silk or overpriced merchandise is at heart seeking to destroy capitalism.

When the Matthews report was first published, many people suspected it might have been connected with the Federal Trade Commission's proceedings against Mr. Hearst's Good Housekeeping Magazine. Months ago, when the news of these proceedings first became public, Mr. Richard Berlin of Good Housekeeping issued a statement the general tenor of which was that the charges were the work of a lot of dirty Communists, including consumer groups and, apparently, the FTC. We are informed on good authority that Mr. Berlin received the text of the Matthews report in advance of its being made public. He had it long enough to mail out a large number of copies two days before the newspapers carried it. It is also alleged that the forthcoming report was discussed long in advance by Mr. Matthews, representatives of the National Association of Manufacturers, and a number of big advertisers at a dinner at the home of a well known conservative columnist. Perhaps all this was perfectly legal; but it throws a queer light on the doings of a supposedly impartial agency of our Congress.

Pharaoh of the Famine

Mr. John W. Bricker, pharaoh of Ohio's relief famine, is supposed to be important chiefly because, among politicians, he is the equivalent of an artist's artist. Now forty-seven, he was graduated from Ohio State's law school in 1917, went immediately to war, and, within a few months of his return to civilian life, had his first political job. He has been on the public payroll almost continuously since, and knows every nut, bolt and valve of the political machine. The Republican professionals distrust such new hands as Messrs. Dewey and Taft. If the Republican presidential nomination could be decided by a secret vote of precinct workers, Mr. Bricker would probably be the candidate right now. His other gifts are a loud voice, a hearty handshake and a handsome, if now faintly pudgy, face. During the lean New Deal years, when other Republicans could not get themselves elected to the National Geographic Society, let alone salary-paying office, Mr. Bricker regularly won the attorney-generalship of Ohio, a lone Republican in solidly Democratic state administrations. The twin qualities of being utterly dependable and being a ready campaigner brought him to the attention of Republican bigwigs. It is understood that the powerful Pennsylvania Republican junta, headed by Messrs. Pew and Grundy—the most reactionary group in the party—will support him if Senator Taft, Ohio's official son, succeeds in stubbing his toe.

Mr. Bricker's willingness to sit comfortably at the state capitol while the unemployed of Cleveland and Toledo foraged in garbage cans, however much it offended the voters at large, did not injure him with such backers. Whether his relief policy makes him impossible as a presidential candidate probably depends on how articulate a protest the unemployed of Ohio make. Many Republicans now feel that he is heaven's gift to their party.

Franco's Pound of Flesh

From France comes a terrifying piece of news. Papers and funds of the Spanish Emigration Service set up by former Premier Negrín have been seized by the Paris police. There is danger, it is reported, that 200,000 Spanish refugees now living under wretched conditions in French concentration camps may be herded back across the border into Spain. If this is done, at least 30,000 or 40,000 men, former soldiers in the Republican army, are subject to Franco's bloodthirsty reprisals. At best, they face many years' imprisonment at hard labor; it is probable that literally thousands of them will be shot. Every day, news leaks through the Spanish censorship of additional executions. If France connives at this wholesale slaughter, it will be because of a political deal; the French and English are trying to placate Franco and keep him neutral. They are encouraged by his anger against Germany over the deal with Russia. They don't need, however, to buy their peace with such rivers of blood. We suggest that our readers tell the French Ambassador in Washington how much harm will be done to the French cause in America if this scheme goes through.

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News Notes of a Week

An agreement was reached providing for coöperation of the British Dominions in a $600,000,000 program designed to overwhelm the Germans in the air. More than 20,000 Dominion aviators will be trained each year, most of them in Canada. . . . The Soviet press, after days of silence, unleashed an attack on the League of Nations for ousting Russia, calling it the result of a British move to form an anti-Soviet bloc. . . . "We plan to open the Yangtze to you," said Admiral Nomura to Ambassador Grew. . . . It was reported that ten German midgets formerly employed at the New York World's Fair had been taken from a liner intercepted in the Mediterranean and interned in a French concentration camp. "Those little fellows," said the officer in charge of the camp, "would make ideal spies because of their small size."

The CIO attacked a statement of the Chamber of Commerce that there is a shortage of skilled labor, and pointed out that the files of unions and the United States Employment Service show that there are hundreds of thousands of skilled mechanics who are either unemployed or have been forced into unskilled work. . . . President Roosevelt declared that WPA workers have the right to organize but not to strike. . . . Sixty-two educators, scientists, writers and artists issued a warning that the Dies Committee hearings may result in denying to Communists and other minorities the freedom guaranteed them by the Bill of Rights. . . . At the conclusion of the Atlanta, Georgia, première of "Gone with the Wind," the president of the Georgia Trust Company said to friends, "I've been sitting in there crying, and, by God, I'm not ashamed to say so."

The Scuttling of the "Spee"

THE NAVAL BATTLE between the "Admiral Graf Spee" and the British cruisers "Exeter," "Ajax" and "Achilles" must be, in some strange way, comforting to those who had been disquieted by the impersonalities and ambiguities of the present conflict. Here is something that fits the old-fashioned pattern of war as heroic, sporting, immediate, spectacular. It seems to belong in the school histories along with John Paul Jones, the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac," Dewey at Manila and Sampson at Santiago. A classic touch was added by the suspense while we wondered whether the "Spee" would submit to internment or go out and do desperate battle with the Allied warships speeding over the long miles to make sure of their prey. And, in the final dénouement, the exploding of the pocket battleship by her own crew, followed by the fires and pillars of smoke in the misty dusk, was a true Germanic end, like the last act of "Götterdämmerung."

If we lay aside this excitement of boyish spectators at a sporting event, however, there are left a number of interesting reflections. First, why did Hitler order Captain Langsdorff to destroy his own ship? The official German explanation, that it was because "the Uruguayan government declined to grant the time necessary to make the ship seaworthy," is lame indeed. The "Spee" had been seaworthy enough to race into the harbor. The Uruguayan naval authorities had investigated and decided that the time granted was ample for necessary repairs—excluding, of course, repairs to fighting equipment.

But even if the fact was as stated by the German official announcement, it could account only for the decision not to risk another fight. There was a third possible choice—internment for the duration of the war. In that case, the Reich would still have had the ship when the war was over. It would have had her, that is, unless the Allies won and took her as part of the settlement, or unless Uruguay went to war with Germany and seized her. But it seems improbable that Hitler expected either of these eventualities. And, if he were defeated, the loss of the "Spee" by the peace terms would have been a distinctly minor consideration. Likewise it seems unlikely that the Germans would have destroyed the ship to keep military secrets; any there were must already be known abroad.

Our guess is that the decision not to intern the "Spee," in spite of the fact that the only alternative was her destruction in one way or another, was an extremity forced upon the German government by itself, in the person of Herr Goebbels. The propaganda machine had announced, after the battle, that it was a great victory. The "Spee," said the German press, was uninjured, and had put into harbor only to take on supplies. For a victorious and uninjured ship to submit to voluntary internment would be an act that would seem cowardly to Germans or, if not that, so cautious as to be entirely out of key with Nazi tradition. So incredible might it be that the natural outcome would be a general questioning of the truth of government war reports.

But if the "Spee" were to be allowed to go out and fight, the myth of her invincibility would be shattered in another way. There would really be an Allied victory, which might be hard to explain. Allied naval supremacy would have to be admitted—and the outcome of the naval warfare, on which Germany is now concentrating her full energies, is presented to the German people as a collapse of British sea power. Equally embarrassing was the fact that one of the probable opponents was the aircraft carrier "Ark Royal," which, according to Berlin, had been sunk. The explosion, then, was a dramatic way out that might drown other reflections, and that could be justified as the fault of Uruguay without admitting that the fighting ability of the ship had been damaged or that the Allies could concentrate an overwhelming force against her.

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Certain speculations about the state of the naval struggle itself are also advanced by this incident. Perhaps the ease with which the "Bremen" evaded the British blockade, as well as other British failures in the North Sea, is due to a scattering of British forces in a hunt for these powerful German raiders. Other great ships must be plowing the North Atlantic to run down the "Deutschland," still others looking for the "Admiral Scheer." Perhaps the pocket-battleships, as we suggested last week, have been destroying more shipping than the British Admiralty has confessed; it may seem more important to put them out of action than to do other things nearer home. Equally interesting is the light which this battle throws on the fighting ability of this new type of ship. It was known that she could outspeed everything as well armored and as powerfully gunned as herself, except the battle cruisers, and could outshoot everything else faster than herself. But now it is seen that three, or even perhaps two, cruisers of decidedly inferior armament could, though with heavy losses, put her out of commission.

Finally, what about the Pan American neutrality zone? Germany violated it in allowing the "Graf Spee" to operate as a commerce raider within its limits; Great Britain followed suit in fighting the raider there, carrying on the chase in full view of the South American shore. We could hardly expect her to do otherwise, in view of the provocation. It might be said that the main responsibility was Germany's, were it not for the reports of British raids on German freighters within the zone. This incident supplies a test of the seriousness with which the American republics regard the Declaration of Panama. Complications which are likely to develop from such violations are already evident in the hot water in which Uruguay finds herself as a result of protests from both Berlin and London about the decisions she made concerning the length of time that the injured battleship would be allowed to stay in port.

Any joint action in protection of the zone must be taken as a result of consultation by the American republics. Such action is not likely to be expressed by the application of force, which is not contemplated in the Declaration itself. But there are many measures short of force that might serve. One of them is a clearer definition of what we expect the belligerents to do or not to do, so that the blame for violations might be fixed. We might declare, for instance, that we shall regard it as a provocative act if any commerce raider of any belligerent pursues its work within the zone. We might request all belligerents to agree not to do this and, in return for such agreements by their enemies, to agree not to attack enemy warships within the zone. If such concessions were not granted by one side or the other, we could fix the major responsibility for disregarding our wishes, and decide what penalties to impose. Appropriate penalties could doubtless be found, without violating either neutrality or international law.

Smearing the NLRB

WHEN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES last July voted to investigate the National Labor Relations Board, everyone knew what was in the wind. The investigation was instigated by people hostile to the Board, to the New Deal and President Roosevelt. The hope was that the Board could be smeared so effectively that Congress would change the law in order to hurt unions and help employers. If there were wider political repercussions favorable to conservatives of both parties, so much the better.

The public hearings have started auspiciously, from the conservatives' point of view. Dissension within the Board has been revealed (our Washington correspondent explains the reasons on page 285 of this issue). Disgruntled former employees have testified. Some serious charges have been made against the Board's impartiality, though thus far without substantial proof.

When the evidence is all in, we propose to review it carefully. In the meantime, there are a few things to be said about the conduct of the hearings themselves. Most people seem to have an impression that the investigation is being conducted on a fairly high plane—which is shocking evidence of the attitude into which the Dies Committee has led us. Anything not so unseemly as the antics of that weird circus now appears pretty good. Yet the Smith Committee, by normal standards of propriety, has behaved very oddly indeed. First, it has issued shotgun subpoenas; it seized the entire files of the NLRB without any proper definition of its reasons for doing so or any statement of what it expected to find. If the Board had chosen to resist, it is doubtful whether this seizure could have been carried through.

Second, a number of witnesses have been questioned under oath in a room with only a committee examiner and a stenographer present. This is dubious procedure, to say the least.

Third, the committee has departed from the standard practice of congressional investigating groups in one important way. If there is a document damaging to an individual, customary procedure requires that he be on the witness stand at the time when this document is made public, so that his denial or explanation can go out simultaneously with the charges against him. The Smith Committee did the exact opposite of this. When seemingly damaging statements regarding members or employees of the NLRB were made public, these gentlemen were not called. When they asked that they might be heard, Chairman Smith said they were "presumptuous." The committee adroitly shifted to a different subject and went on for days on various other matters. It may return to the charges against these members in a month or three months—or never.

Certainly, the present is a time to keep one's mind open on the merits and demerits of the NLRB. One

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needs to remember that the Board has had an extremely active career throughout the country dealing with scores and hundreds of sharp controversies, controversies in which men's passions are aroused as they are in civil war. Board representatives have had to go into plants where acts of violence up to and including murder were fresh in people's minds. It is a thoroughgoing triumph that under such conditions a large proportion of all the Board's rulings are accepted by both sides without appeal.

There used to be two chief charges against the NLRB. The first was that its decisions were bad law. This can no longer be argued, since we now know from the record that in a great majority of instances its rulings have been upheld by the courts. The second was that the Board favored the CIO over the AFL. The statistical record, again, has shown this charge to be false. About all that is left to be revealed is that the Board is unpopular with the anti-labor forces in this country. The Smith Committee is proving this by its acts rather than its witnesses.

Heywood Broun's Memorial

Conservatives were puzzled and disturbed by Heywood Broun because he wasn't at all their picture of what a radical should be. He wasn't lean and hungry-eyed in the Cassius tradition. He wasn't ascetic in his habits or coldly and inhumanly intellectual. He wasn't impelled to change the world through personal frustration; on the contrary, his motive was an overflowing love of life. And he loved people too—not merely abstract humanity, in the fashion of some radical leaders, but quite ordinary people, taxi drivers, editors, shoemakers, fish peddlers and even his political adversaries, some of whom he met almost every day at the Racquet Club. As for his fellow newspapermen, he was their soft-hearted uncle, lending them money, getting them jobs and finally leading the union that has raised their wages all over the country. There was no pretense about him. He was the shirt that was never stuffed—and as Pegler might say, not often laundered.

Even conservatives liked him, and rebelled against their liking; that was one reason why they raged against him. No other American writer was attacked so often or so unfairly. We did not learn till the day of his death that he was actually one of the most popular men in America.

Broun rarely answered his detractors, having no great taste or talent for enmity. When he left The Nation for The New Republic—to give one of the milder examples—his motives were misrepresented in hundreds of newspapers; the clippings are on record in our files. The true story was much more to his credit, but Broun never bothered to tell it. Nor did he complain—except in that low rumbling voice of his, like the sound of distant automobile horns on a summer night—when his daily pieces for The New York World-Telegram were cut unmercifully, the best of them along with the worst. His boss Roy Howard has implied that this was done for reasons of editorial effectiveness and had no connection with any political disagreements. No doubt he was speaking quite honestly. But it is interesting to note that conservatives were willing to admit that Broun could write marvelously well on harmless subjects like Christmas and the ponies, whereas they found that his columns on labor and the New Deal were not only "ineffective" but full of grammatical errors.

Besides the public at large, which will lose his daily articles, a host of people and organizations will suffer by his death. The New York Post will lose the famous column it had just acquired. The New Republic will lose his page, "Shoot the Works," which had been appearing irregularly during the last few months, but for which we had just made a long-term arrangement. Broun's Nutmeg will lose its editor, chief contributor and financial backer. Westbrook Pegler will lose the favorite butt of his syndicated ill humor. Roy Howard must now be reflecting that he need not have refused to renew Broun's contract, which expired on December 14—in other words, that he need not have taken the trouble to advertise his separation from almost everything liberal that the Scripps-Howard papers used to stand for. But the American Newspaper Guild will lose most of all. It is not and has never been a one-man union, but no one can forget that Broun did more than anyone else to get it started and has worked hard as its president; its success until now has been the greatest of his achievements. And the best memorial that newspapermen could build for Heywood Broun would be a still stronger and more united Guild.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Lower to Washington

MR. DEWEY SAID the other day that the New Deal is now defeatist in attitude. The charge seemed to me important if true, and so I went down to Washington to watch the wheels go round and see whether they were slowing up.

The War Boom Falters.—One's first impression on visiting the nation's capital is that something has certainly happened to business in the past few months. You can't get a berth on a sleeper, a seat in the diner, a porter in the station, or a taxi to a hotel. You are lucky to get a room; even if you have a reservation you will have to wait in the lobby while some leisurely guest makes up his mind to vacate. The businessmen in the club car are telling each other gleefully how far behind they are on orders. As the train hurtles across the New Jersey landscape through the night, huge plants march along the horizon blazing with activity, working three shifts.

The index of industrial production, as a matter of fact, is breaking all past records, including those for the fabulous year of '29. The Federal Reserve Board figure is about 130 as compared with an average a year ago of 86. Nevertheless I found the men who watch the economic gauges for Uncle Sam far from glowing with rosy optimism. They look for a fairly severe recession in the early months of the coming year, though nothing like what we saw in 1929 or the middle of 1933, or '37. Their view, summarized roughly, is that we are having an inventory boom. When the war started, Americans remembered the shortages of 1917-18 and rushed to buy, anticipating their actual needs for many months. They cleaned out the reserves of retailers, wholesalers and producers. Replenishing these reserves has caused the rush of business, but the job is now about over.

As for war orders from the Allies, the experts agree with Mr. E. D. Kennedy that over a period of years, such orders will no doubt be tremendous. In some lines—notably airplanes—large operations for Britain and France are already under way. In general, however, the feeling about war orders is that thus far, they simply don't exist. British policy in particular is to buy everything possible inside the Empire, for obvious reasons. On agriculture, the war effect thus far has on the whole been adverse rather than beneficial, since the accustomed markets have been cut off, partly for lack of shipping. England is giving a preference to the Argentine Republic, which in return has undertaken to link its currency with the pound and to confine its imports as far as possible to British products.

For American business as a whole, and as of December, the war boom just isn't. We may be sure, too, that there will be no such runaway prices as were seen in the later stages of the last war, when several of the Allied countries had purchasing commissions in the United States bidding against each other, against the American government and private purchasers. Buying has been centralized, and will be done with a tight purse-string. The Allies are assuming that the present ban on credits will be permanent and that they must husband their resources—which the Federal Reserve Board now estimates at roughly $10,000,000,000—with the utmost care.

Some of the New Deal experts think the United States is enjoying a boom for purely domestic reasons which have nothing to do with the war. They argue that enough time has elapsed since 1937 so that people again need to buy for replacements whether they want to or not, that the banks are stuffed with money and that we have all the elements for a thoroughgoing credit inflation. It is this attitude which explains their belief that the bursting of the war bubble in January and February will not have too serious consequences. They recognize of course that we have not yet resolved the inward strains and contradictions of our economy and that unemployment hangs over us only slightly ameliorated by the upturn. (It has become the fashion to say that with the growth in our population since 1929 an unemployment of 10,000,000 or so is less serious than before. Since 1929 the number of employables has increased by perhaps 6,000,000; yet the number of unemployed is no larger than it was when the depression was at its worst. Therefore presumably we have somewhere absorbed five or six million of our previously unemployed. This seems to them less cold comfort than it does to me.)

The New Dealers are not at all enthusiastic about the President's present mood of economy and some of them are equally sour about the vast expenditures that are contemplated under the head of national defense. They feel that spending on public works and unemployment relief is necessary and that new battleships and military airplanes probably are not. They wish, at any rate, that our military policy and needs could be subjected to full and frank public inquiry—but they don't expect it.

Ol' Man Third Term.—The attitude of the New Dealers toward a third term for the President can be briefly stated. They hope he will run again; they think the country needs him; they are proceeding with some plans based on the assumption of his candidacy—and they have not the slightest idea whether he will accept

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or not. It is my guess that the President shares this uncertainty.

A few months ago, there was a good deal of pessimism in the New Deal ranks about the possibility of a Republican victory in 1940, but this gloom has been dissipated in recent weeks. It was based on the realization that the present Congress, elected in 1938, is on the whole anti-Roosevelt and that it will indulge in some fancy smearing tactics in the session that begins next month. This expectation will certainly be fulfilled; it is obvious, I think, that the Dies Committee is out to get the President and the New Deal. So is the House Committee "investigating" the National Labor Relations Board. The New Dealers, however, believe that at present the tide is running their way. They find that the conservatives of both parties support the President's foreign policy. The old doctrine of "don't swap horses while crossing a stream" works in their favor whether the Democratic candidate should be the President or someone else acceptable to him. They are pleased by the reports that Mr. Roosevelt's personal popularity has been growing in the polls of the Institute of Public Opinion. Some of them think Governor Bricker of Ohio may have given the kiss of death to Republican hopes in 1940 when he allowed the whole country to get the impression that the GOP is in favor of a balanced budget and starvation. (The impression may be unjust, but who am I to argue with a glacier?)

Thurman Arnold's Gallant Band.—About the most interesting place in Washington to me is the office in the Department of Justice, where Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold is trying, with no thanks from the capitalists, to make capitalism work endurably if not well. The political pressure that has been put on him to stop his campaign against monopolistic practices has been terrific, and it is decidedly to the credit of those with power to stop him that he is going ahead.

Mr. Arnold is trying to carry out the anti-trust laws. Everyone before (except Solicitor General Robert H. Jackson) has done this after a fashion so half-hearted that it amounted to almost nothing. Mr. Arnold's technique is simple, efficient and expensive (expensive by old-fashioned standards, not by results obtained). He investigates one whole industry throughout the country. If there is something wrong, if the ultimate consumer is getting a raw deal, if prices are kept unreasonably high by conspiracy, the Department cracks down. It gets an indictment by a federal grand jury, covering a big geographical area and including everybody who conspired—and by everybody, oddly enough, Mr. Arnold means everybody. If it is feasible, there are both criminal and civil actions. Then Mr. Arnold puts it up to the alleged conspirators. If they are willing to stop their illegal practices he is willing to submit to the court for approval any constructive plan they may offer to make production or distribution more efficient and at the same time ensure competition in the future. Such a plan may avoid the necessity of criminal action. The unanimity and enthusiasm with which this course is selected are something wonderful to behold. Often a mere questioning before a grand jury is sufficient to produce a voluntary solution of a bad situation. Naturally, the Department keeps an eye on the operation of such plans to see that the planners do not have a relapse. No relapse, no more trouble.

To do work of this sort needs many good men. Mr. Arnold has about a hundred smart young lawyers now, his own private brain trust, and a fine job they are doing. He needs at least 150 more in order to police the gigantic industries of this big and lively country. He thinks in terms of a man in each state who would be a sort of "consumers' counsel" roughly comparable to the county agent of the Department of Agriculture. Another hundred men would be a flying wedge to be sent here and there as trouble developed. To make a beginning at this work, Mr. Arnold needs $2,000,000. Does that seem to you a substantial amount? If it does, consider the fact that our national economy is worth eighty billions or so a year when it is healthy, fifty or sixty billions when it is not. A very important aspect of ill health is artificial high prices—prices which curtail consumer purchasing power, cause unemployment, prevent our using and enjoying the things to which our technology entitles us. (In the case of housing, for example, high prices have meant that houses simply are not built at all.) Two million dollars is one-forty-thousandth of eighty billions. That is not such a high insurance rate.

In some lines of activity, Mr. Arnold has found labor unions apparently participating in conspiracies against the consumer's pocketbook. He has found them refusing to handle materials that did not come from the high-price ring. He has found them requiring useless work to be done at big wages to give a union man a job. He has found the employer victimized in a struggle between two unions over which he has no control. Mr. Arnold has not hesitated to include the officers of such unions in his conspiracy indictments, and in so doing he has brought down on his head the furious rage of some union leaders, notably William Green of the AFL. These leaders confine their argument to a single point: that the Clayton Act exempts them from the operations of the anti-trust laws. Whether this is true is for the Supreme Court to say; many good lawyers think it is false. But false or true, it is a miserably weak argument for the unions to bring before the American people. This country has never very much liked people who, accused of wrongdoing, reply that they have technical legal immunity. It is particularly dangerous to talk this way now when hostility toward all labor unions is steadily mounting in a Congress that is on the whole anti-New Deal. Mr.

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Green and his cohorts are stamping right onto the fly-paper; they may live to regret it.

Long-range Thinking about the Farmer.—Another interesting place in Washington is the Department of Agriculture, where some highly competent experts spend most of their time thinking about the future of the American farm. In spite of all the past efforts, that future is in some ways none too bright (and would be far darker still were it not for the things done by the New Deal since 1933).

The men who speak for our six or seven million farm families, representing a total population of about 30,000,000, wish very much that Congress would stop looking at the agricultural situation as an emergency and begin to think of it as a permanent problem. They wish, in other words, that it were not necessary to go hat in hand to the national legislature every year begging for funds with which to do a job that is absolutely vital to the maintenance of our national prosperity. That job, in a word, is to give the American farmer, as far as is possible, his fair share of the national income. This represents not only justice to the farmer but to everybody else, since you can't build a healthy nation on a sick agriculture.

In general, the Department is still working on the lines that have been laid down by Secretary Wallace, who is more popular with his own associates than with some other people in Washington who don't know him so well. One basis of the policy is the "ever-normal granary"—storing up non-perishable farm products, with government aid, in times of plenty and releasing them in bad crop years or other periods of enhanced demand. To this end, and to help the farmer himself, crop loans are made on that part of production which represents legitimate domestic consumption, at prices set by the Department according to formulas that were laid down by Congress as fair. Nobody worries if sometimes these prices prove to be, temporarily, a little higher than the market, since the purpose of the plan is to keep the farmer afloat and not to earn a gambling profit. Payments are also made, as everyone knows, to farmers who limit their production in accordance with Department schedules and do other types of soil conservation. The experts believe that this effort is of the greatest importance; in spite of all the hullabaloo about conservation in this country in recent years we are still destroying the land faster than we repair it.

Our best efforts do not prevent surpluses in certain products, and as to a few, the Department has reluctantly embarked upon a program of subsidizing exports. We have of course bitterly criticized other countries in the past for doing the same thing, and those criticisms were correct; it is a form of economic warfare. As soon as possible it will be stopped and the Department will be far happier when this happens.

Meanwhile, domestic dumping is also being used and is on a far different moral footing. The Surplus Commodities Corporation has given away large amounts of food to people on relief to supplement their diet, which is always inadequate and often desperately so. This plan has now been modified into the food-stamp scheme under which in certain cities relief clients when they buy food worth $1 are given an additional 50 cents' worth chosen at their option from a specified list of products. The Department is greatly pleased with the results of this plan and hopes to extend it widely. Whatever you may think of it, you cannot go back of the argument that the 20,000,000 people now receiving public aid must be given enough food to keep them healthy: our national well-being, after all, is our No. 1 asset.

An important aspect of the old AAA was processing taxes to aid the producer. The flour miller, for instance, paid a tax on every ton of flour he ground, the money eventually going to the producer and the cost being passed on to the consumer, when necessary, in the form of slightly higher prices. The Supreme Court (with five members who are not there now) overturned the processing taxes on the ground that they were an improper means of bringing about crop reduction, but raised no fundamental objection to the taxes themselves. (They still exist in relation to sugar.) The Department is now working on a simplified form of processing tax which would not require the intervention of the Treasury at all. If this plan were applied to cotton, for instance, and if the market price was lower than seemed desirable, a parity payment would be set; let us call it, for illustration, three cents a pound. The cotton planter who had complied with all Department regulations would be given certificates representing that share of his crop legitimately usable in the domestic market. When he took his cotton to market, the owner of the gin would be required to buy these certificates at the stipulated price per pound. He must then send certificates to the Department covering the amount of business he had done. This plan is far simpler than the old system of putting taxes into the Treasury and writing checks against them. You will hear a good deal more about it in the near future.

Some of the long-range thinkers in the Department are beginning to get concerned about excess rural population—in certain localities if not in the country as a whole. Great changes have taken place in agriculture in recent years; farming certain crops in some regions has become uneconomic under competitive conditions; the mechanization of many processes is reducing the amount of labor needed. The cotton-picking machine is slow in arriving but it seems to be on its way; newspaper reports describe a successful machine for harvesting sugar-cane, and there are other devices going into use. There is little point in driving displaced agricultural population into the cities, which already have a

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grave unemployment problem of their own. There are also definite limits to the idea of equipping the unwanted farm family with ten acres and a mule, to try to live on what it can grow, with cash crops. It begins to look to some of the experts as though we might need a rural job-creating program, giving people work which would not consist in growing more crops. Just what that work should be, they are not prepared to say.

America and War.—People in Washington seem to be as tired of the war as people everywhere. Rumors of an early peace fill the air—rumors which, so far as I can see, have little foundation. The alarm that was felt when the war first began lest the United States should get into it forthwith has much abated. No one thinks Mr. Roosevelt has lost any of his extremely active personal interest in the cause of the Allies or his desire to help them by "measures short of war." It is believed, however, that he was deeply impressed by the overwhelming isolationist sentiment of the country displayed during the debate on neutrality. To be sure, Germany and Russia continue to play into his hands by doing everything possible to turn American public opinion against them. Still, I found that most people feel there is a good chance that we shall stay out, especially if the war continues with its present list of belligerents. If it should turn into a Holy War Against Russia, with Germany switching sides and going over to the Allies, that might be a different story.

Are We Downhearted?—The general answer to the question with which I started seems to me to be No. The New Dealers have not, so far as I can judge, abandoned their purposes nor have they given way to a mood of defeatism. They recognize the possibility that the Republicans may win in 1940, as to which they make two comments: First, that the country has moved forward a long way since 1932, and that even a conservative GOP regime would not dare to do very much to social security, the National Labor Relations Act, the TVA and similar projects, the CCC, the agricultural program, the wages-and-hours law. Second, if the Republican leadership is as uncertain as it appears to be, the New Deal is likely to come back in 1944. In the meantime, its proponents are trying to nail down as much as possible against the danger of a Republican victory that they do not really expect. They are trying to give the public a maximum of information on important matters with which the next administration will deal. They believe that truth is on their side and that in the long run, truth is a mighty weapon. This attitude may be defeatism, but in any case, it is one of which we could stand a good deal more.

Washington BRUCE BLIVEN

Salaries and Wages

WE PRESENT BELOW a table showing some salaries paid to corporation executives in the year 1938. We also give wages in the same industries.

As in the case of the similar tables that have appeared in The New Republic on three previous occasions, these figures are drawn from official sources in Washington. The figures for officials' salaries are taken from the records of the SEC. Those for wages in the same industries are from "Employment and Pay Rolls," April, 1939, compiled by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, Department of Labor.

It will be noted that the compensation of the officers is annual and that of the workers is weekly. A more exact comparison would be obtained by dividing the officers' compensation by 52. Such comparison, however, would be less unfavorable to the workers than is in fact the case, since a large proportion of them are unemployed part of each year and this is rarely true of the officers.—THE EDITORS

Name of Company	*Name of Officer*	*His Compensation for 1938*	*Average Wage in Industry April, 1939*
Allied Chemical and Dye	H. F. Atherton	125,000	30.81
	C. G. Tufts	60,000	
	F. H. McAdoo	55,000	
Allied Stores	B. Earl Puckette	82,426	17.86
	Edw. R. Mitton	61,573	
	Jas. H. Calvert	44,264	
Allis-Chalmers	Otto H. Falk	50,050	30.92
	Max W. Babb	46,000	
Alpha Portland Cement	F. G. McKelvy	30,833	25.91
American Can	H. W. Phelps	151,600	23.19
	A. H. Baker	77,100	
	M. J. Sullivan	45,050	
American Crystal Sugar	W. N. Wilds	25,280	26.94
American and Foreign Power	C. E. Calder	68,980	33.47
American Locomotive	W. C. Dickerman	70,244	27.14
	Joseph B. Ennis	30,960	
	Frank J. Foley	30,934	
American Power & Light	H. L. Aller	50,220	33.47
American Radiator	C. M. Woolley	66,666	24.52
	R. J. Hamilton	62,500	
	Henry M. Reed	60,000	
American Rolling Mill	Charles R. Hook	69,093	28.07
	Calvin Verity	50,668	
	Geo. M. Verity	64,487	

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Name of Company	Name of Officer	His Compensation for 1938	Average Wage in Industry April, 1939
American Tobacco	Geo. W. Hill	331,348	16.05
	Paul M. Hahn	176,859	
	Vincent Riggio	176,809	
Anaconda Copper Mining	C. F. Kelley	168,970	27.03
	Jas. R. Robbins	82,524	
	Robt. E. Deoyer	64,797	
Armstrong Cork	H. W. Prentis Jr.	90,833	——
	F. L. Suter	33,604	
Bendix Aviation	Vincent Bendix	50,456	30.09
	Chas. Marcus	34,144	
Bloomingdale Bros.	Michael Schaap	75,000	17.86
	Harry A. Hatry	75,000	
	F. Schmandt	41,523	
Borden Co.	T. G. Montague	60,000	24.57
	Geo. M. Waugh	48,000	
	H. W. Comfort	43,000	
Borg-Warner	H. E. Blood	97,625	27.57
	C. S. Davis	84,875	
	G. W. Borg	67,579	
Brooklyn Edison	F. L. Carlisle	26,180	33.47
Budd Wheel	Edw. G. Budd	48,820	32.47
Bulova Watch	Arde Bulova	42,550	21.24
	John H. Ballard	38,755	
Burlington Mills	J. S. Love	88,149	15.02
	Wm. Klopman	101,302	
	Dumont Bunker	91,302	
California Packing	R. M. Barthold	41,383	16.13
	L. E. Wood	48,563	
	A. M. Lester	38,956	
Cerro de Pasco Copper	Edw. H. Clark	75,636	27.03
	H. Kingsmill	75,374	
	R. Spilsbury	75,000	
Cities Service	H. R. Straight	37,819	25.27
Cluett, Peabody	C. R. Palmer	69,375	13.44
	S. L. Cluett	52,637	
	R. O. Kennedy	43,937	
Coca-Cola	R. W. Woodruff	163,050	33.15
	John A. Sibley	65,450	
	Harrison Jones	54,988	
Columbia Broadcasting	Wm. S. Paley	171,849	——
	Edw. Klauber	78,304	
	Paul W. Kester	43,804	
Commonwealth & Southern	W. L. Willkie	75,815	33.47
	E. A. Yates	48,694	
	Jacob Hekma	45,725	
Corn Products Refining	F. T. Fisher	90,000	30.81
	Geo. S. Mahana	90,000	
	Frank H. Hall	60,000	
Crown Cork and Seal	C. E. McManus	100,285	——
	David G. Bloom	38,551	
	Wm. Vinson	36,330	
Dome Mines	J. H. Stovel	30,850	27.03
Eastern Air Lines	E. V. Rickenbacker	16,449	——
Eastman Kodak	F. W. Lovejoy	115,419	——
	T. J. Hargrave	67,495	
	A. P. Sulzer	67,591	
Electric Power and Light	Joe H. Gill	50,475	33.47
Esquire, Inc.	David A. Smart	25,000	37.66
Fairbanks, Morse	R. H. Morse	60,260	30.94
	C. H. Morse	45,140	
Fansteel Metallurgical	R. J. Aitchison	12,437	28.07
Federated Dept. Stores	F. Lazarus Jr.	100,920	17.86
	Simon Lazarus	100,620	
Wm. Filene's Sons	Lincoln Filene	80,000	17.86
	Edw. J. Frost	80,000	
	L. E. Kirstein	80,000	
Freeport Sulphur	L. M. Williams Jr.	50,440	21.11
	W. T. Lundy	25,000	
Gannett Co.	Frank E. Gannett	60,000	37.66
General American Transportation	Max Epstein	50,000	——
	Lester N. Selig	59,178	
	LeRoy Kramer	43,000	
General Cable	D. R. G. Palmer	45,000	27.57
	Walter Robbins	45,000	
General Electric	Owen D. Young	245,447	27.57
	Gerard Swope	245,447	
	Chas. E. Wilson	74,157	
General Foods	C. M. Chester	122,000	16.13
	Clarence Francis	107,999	
	A. S. Igleheart	79,999	
General Motors	Wm. S. Knudsen	124,465	32.47
	A. P. Sloan Jr.	164,450	
	C. F. Kettering	83,173	
General Theatres Equipment	Earl G. Hines	34,415	——
Gillette Safety Razor	S. C. Stampleman	48,750	22.17
	E. H. Cooper	52,941	
	H. L. Claisse	44,118	
Goodyear Tire and Rubber	P. W. Litchfield	82,187	31.48
	Clifton Slusser	39,585	
Ingersoll-Rand	Geo. Doubleday	78,000	30.94
	D. C. Keefe	50,000	
	G. A. Gallinger	30,515	
Inland Steel	Leopold E. Block	56,250	28.07
	Philip D. Block	56,250	
	E. L. Ryerson Jr.	48,250	
	Wilfred Sykes	48,250	
	James H. Walsh	48,250	
International Paper	R. J. Cullen	94,274	24.11
	W. N. Hurlburt	40,112	
	John H. Hinman	35,599	
Int'l Tel. and Tel.	Sosthenes Behn	66,640	30.81
	W. H. Pitkin	37,620	
	Lewis J. Proctor	36,540	
Jewel Tea	M. H. Karker	88,637	24.57
	F. M. Kasch	25,448	
Kaufmann Dept. Stores	E. J. Kaufmann	72,650	17.86
	O. M. Kaufmann	75,113	
	Irwin D. Wolf	51,095	
S. S. Kresge	R. R. Williams	89,250	17.86
	C. B. Tuttle	89,250	
	S. S. Kresge	50,000	
	C. E. Holzworth	46,800	
	F. R .Wertman	46,800	
	H. H. Servis	42,700	
S. H. Kress	C. W. Kress	45,000	17.86
	P. Fox	35,000	
	R. H. Kress	30,000	
Lambert	J. L. Johnston	80,000	25.05
	Robert L. Lund	40,000	
Lehn and Fink	Edward Plaut	90,200	25.05
	Wm. H. Gesell	45,200	
	A. R. M. Boyle	27,200	
Lerner Stores	Jos. J. Lerner	45,000	17.86
	Harold M. Lane	45,000	
	Belle Armstrong	32,916	
Libby, McNeill & Libby	E. G. McDougall	34,711	27.32

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Name of Company	Name of Officer	His Compensation for 1938	Average Wage in Industry April, 1939
Libby Owens Ford Glass	J. D. Biggers	50,000	23.37
	D. H. Goodwillie	40,000	
Life Savers Corp.	E. J. Noble	19,400	17.27
Liggett & Myers Tobacco	J. W. Andrews	87,173	16.05
	Ben Carroll	77,173	
	W. D. Carmichael	77,173	
	B. F. Few	77,173	
	E. H. Thurston	77,173	
	G. W. Whitaker	77,173	
P. Lorillard	David H. Ball	30,000	16.05
	Geo. H. Hummel	30,000	
	Earl J. Bush	30,000	
R. H. Macy	Percy S. Straus	100,250	17.86
	Edwin I. Marks	94,493	
	Jack I. Straus	82,728	
	A. J. McCosker	81,269	
May Dept. Stores	Morton J. May	100,125	17.86
	N. L. Dauby	131,540	
	F. Z. Salomon	65,027	
McGraw-Hill Publishing	J. J. McGraw Jr.	34,410	37.66
Monsanto Chemical	E. M. Queeny	50,000	30.81
	Chas. Belknap	44,137	
	L. F. Nickell	45,879	
Montgomery, Ward	S. L. Avery	100,450	21.28
	R. H. Folger	84,541	
	F. M. Folsom	70,500	
National Biscuit	R. E. Tomlinson	96,550	25.11
	F. Beers	48,550	
	F. K. Montgomery	48,000	
	C. P. Montgomery	48,000	
	C. S. Stilwell	48,000	
National Cash Register	Edw. A. Deeds	100,000	29.81
	S. C. Allyn	72,704	
	L. H. Thompson	41,745	
National Container	Samuel Kipnis	34,060	21.13
National Dairy Products	T. H. McInnerney	150,460	24.57
	J. L. Kraft	75,400	
	L. A. Van Bomel	68,400	
Newmount Mining	F. Schneider	38,500	27.03
	H. D. Smith	38,500	
New York Central R.R.	F. E. Williamson	60,000	——
	R. D. Starbuck	50,000	
	J. Aronson	38,000	
	M. J. Alger	33,000	
	W. F. Schaff	35,000	
Niagara-Hudson Power	F. L. Carlisle	45,020	33.47
	A. H. Schoellkopf	70,739	
	Wm. Kelley	40,856	
North American	J. F. Fogarty	71,648	33.47
	S. B. Way	74,110	
	H. Williams	60,240	
Northern Pacific R.R.	Chas. Donnelly	42,000	——
	B. W. Scandrett	30,000	
Northern States Power	R. F. Pack	50,240	33.47
Otis Elevator	J. H. Van Alstyne	81,609	27.57
	A. J. McComb	37,348	
Penick and Ford	A. W. H. Lenders	47,028	24.57
	J. B. Vanderbilt	47,028	
	D. P. O'Connor	29,961	
J. C. Penney	A. W. Hughes	39,382	17.86
	W. A. Reynolds	39,382	
	J. I. H. Herbert	39,382	
	E. A. Ross	39,382	
	G. H. Crocker	39,382	
	F. W. Binzen	39,382	
	R. W. Trown	39,382	
Pennsylvania Power and Light	J. S. Wise	40,130	33.47
Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron	R. E. Taggart	51,509	26.95
Public Service of N. J.	T. N. McCarter	120,000	33.47
	Percy S. Young	84,000	
	E. W. Wakelee	84,000	
Pullman	D. A. Crawford	76,450	26.06
	Louis S. Taylor	42,700	
	Eugene Adams	35,000	
Sears, Roebuck	Robt. E. Wood	98,076	29.75
	L. J. Rosenwald	73,557	
	Jas. M. Barker	49,038	
	Thos. J. Carney	49,038	
	D. M. Nelson	49,038	
	Emil J. Pollock	49,038	
Socony-Vacuum Oil	John A. Brown	120,000	34.39
	Edw. R. Brown	81,000	
	F. S. Fales	75,100	
Standard Brands	Jos. Wilshire	126,450	16.13
	Thos. L. Smith	75,550	
	Hugo A. Oswald	60,650	
Standard Oil (Ohio)	W. T. Holliday	81,000	34.39
	A. M. Maxwell	33,000	
Tide-Water Associated Oil	W. F. Humphrey	78,250	33.98
	Edw. L. Shea	63,875	
	Edw. H. Salrin	28,438	
Underwood, Elliott, Fisher	P. D. Wagoner	108,480	25.13
	Leon C. Stowell	43,400	
Union Carbide and Carbon	Jesse J. Ricks	144,650	30.81
	Wm. F. Barrett	123,833	
	Benj. O'Shea	123,533	
Union Pacific R.R.	F. W. Charske	60,000	——
	C. R. Gray	60,000	
	W. M. Jeffers	60,000	
	H. W. Clark	42,000	
United Aircraft	Donald L. Brown	57,490	30.09
	Geo. L. Mead	36,850	
U. S. Rubber	F. B. Davis Jr.	150,260	27.00
	Wm. de Krafft	76,730	
	H. E. Smith	75,115	
	L. D. Tompkins	75,115	
U. S. Smelting, Refining and Mining	C. A. Hight	60,180	25.90
	N. W. Rice	50,190	
	M. H. Kuryla	45,020	
U. S. Steel	Wm. A. Irvin	140,070	28.07
	B. F. Fairless	135,344	
	E. M. Voorhees	104,483	
U. S. Tobacco	John M. de Voe	66,349	16.05
	O. C. Hank	42,836	
	J. W. Peterson	42,424	
Westinghouse Air Brake	G. A. Blackmore	70,125	26.79
	Chas. A. Rowan	47,000	
	S. G. Down	39,800	
F. W. Woolworth	C. W. Deyo	174,346	17.86
	R. H. Strongman	74,378	
	R. W. Weber	73,600	
Worthington Pump	Harry C. Beaver	55,500	30.94
Wm. Wrigley Jr.	P. K. Wrigley	35,060	17.27

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Stalin's Fear

STALIN'S RUSSIA has become for us in three short months a totalitarian power like another, as careless of her plighted word, as confident in the supremacy of force. It is difficult to remember that great and enduring achievements still stand to her credit in her own vast domains. But one does not pay Stalin the compliment of criticizing his morals. What, then, on the plane of political dynamics, is the meaning of this performance?

There may enter into it some element of vanity and megalomania. In recent years the Soviet Union has rewritten its Marxist textbooks of history and restored Peter the Great to his old place as a national hero. The centenary of his crowning victory over Charles XII was celebrated with realistic pomp at Poltava. In three months Stalin has repeated the achievement that cost Peter many a year of struggle and many a defeat. He has won back for the Russian empire absolute military control over the Baltic states and the eastern shores of this sea. But to ascribe this exploit to mere vainglory would be to forget the nightmare that has haunted the imagination of Russia's rulers ever since she emerged from the period of intervention. Like most of us, they believe that history can repeat itself.

A single thread of fear runs through the web of Muscovite policy from the early twenties to the present. Always by varying means Russia has sought to ensure herself against the danger of capitalist encirclement and attack. In the first phase she made the quasi-alliance of Rapallo with her fellow pariah, the German Republic. Half-ruined and wholly isolated, they helped one another against the victors of Versailles. That phase ended with the Nazi revolution. Thereupon Russia turned to the west, concluded her alliance with France, entered the League of Nations and sought to win the support of the democracies by the tactics of the People's Front. This led to uniform disaster. The Front broke in France, went under in Spain and collapsed in the dishonor of Munich. For a year Stalin hesitated, inclining to a policy of isolation. He dismissed Litvinov, negotiated simultaneously with London and Berlin and finally precipitated the war by his pact with von Ribbentrop. This was the third phase of the policy of insurance. If Germany and the western powers were exhausted by mutual war, the specter of capitalist intervention would be laid for some years.

In retrospect much is now clear that was obscure in August. The Anglo-French talks in Moscow broke down over two issues: (1) Stalin, on the plea that he must deal with "indirect aggression" in the Baltic states, was in fact demanding a free hand in this region; (2) when he stipulated that any Russian army that assisted Poland must take over the civilian government of its bases in White Russia and the Ukraine, he was really claiming these provinces as his price for saving Poland. In short, he meant in any event to secure his hold over eastern Poland and the Baltic states. The western powers were too scrupulous or too confident to pay his price. He came to terms, accordingly, with the Germans, who are not afflicted by scruples. But for the gallant obstinacy of the Finns, he would have won his entire program without bloodshed.

The paradox of this achievement, obtained with Germany's assent, is that it is in reality an insurance against a German invasion. Trusting no power on earth, Stalin trusts Hitler least of all. Two routes of invasion awaited the choice of Berlin, one through Lemberg into the Ukraine, the other by sea, air and land up the Baltic coasts to Leningrad. Stalin has closed them both. Not even the Russian proletariat, doped and drilled as it may be, can believe that the Finns, four millions strong, were about to abuse their power by attacking gallant little Russia in Leningrad. But the Finns were in the past, under conservative leadership, rather closely associated for some years with German policy. Their veteran soldier, Marshal Mannerheim, certainly was pro-German. What happened before may happen again. Stalin by this brutal seizure of strategic positions round the Gulf of Finland is defending the most vulnerable region of the Red Empire against a future German attack. In the north, by snatching Petsamo, he may be threatening Norway and opening a road toward her Atlantic port of Narvik. But even here, his purpose may be primarily defensive. If the Finns could complete their railway connections with this Arctic port, it would permit England also to aid them, at least with munitions. This progressive and pacific little state is suffering martyrdom today because a study of what the Germans call geo-politics suggests that it might one day become a useful tool in a combined assault of the capitalist powers on a Russia in which the spirit of communism no longer exists.

Stalin's precautions, from the standpoint of militarist realism, may look intelligent. In the strategical sense Russia is now very much less open to attack. But by this brutality Stalin has destroyed his best defensive asset, which was the friendly sympathy not only of the working class but of liberals also in England and France, thus bringing nearer the very danger that prompted him to grab these strategic outposts.

For that red thread of fear has spun yet another web across the vista of the future. What if this war should end before the belligerents are wholly exhausted? What if a peace should be patched up, with or without

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Hitler, that would leave the German military machine intact? Then, with the blessing and perhaps with the aid of London, it would turn eastwards and seek at Russia's expense the victory that eluded it in the west. That is the latest form of the perennial nightmare.

May I add a word of caution? If this peril should become obvious, Stalin has yet another card that he might play. He might enter the war on Germany's side, and in that way dissipate the nightmare of a patched-up peace and a capitalist combination to destroy him. If that final disaster could occur, the fate of western democracy would be sealed. This is a highly improbable contingency, but in this strange war everything is possible and nothing is probable. By reckless action, in London or even in Washington, this incredible thing might come about.

London (by air mail) H. N. BRAILSFORD

Ireland and the Crisis

MR. DE VALERA is rumored to have said recently: "Eire is relatively safe in the present crisis. However, it is still exposed to four main dangers. One is invasion from England, the second is invasion from Germany, the third is invasion from the North of Ireland and the fourth is internal trouble. But perhaps the fourth doesn't matter much." The story may well be authentic. But authentic or not, what is conveyed by it is true. England *may* well decide to establish protective naval bases off the west coast of Ireland, and there are many people in Ireland—the extreme wing of the nationalists for instance—who would look upon such action as invasion from England. It is also not impossible, though unlikely, that Germany would make a real effort to fight England from Ireland. If there was coöperation with the IRA (Irish Republican Army), submarine refueling stations could be set up off the west coast, as they actually were for a short period during the last war. There is gossip to the effect that submarine crews are now purchasing supplies in Kerry and Donegal.

Invasion from the North is not an empty catchword. The IRA is extremely strong there because the remorselessly tyrannical policy of the Orange government of Lord Craigavon has supplied it with adherents in some cases and sympathizers in many more, drawn from the ranks of respectable working men of all denominations and Catholics of all classes. Labor in Ulster is at least partly for the IRA, since it can see no other prospect of getting rid of Craigavon. Should an IRA revolution start in Belfast in the name of a united Ireland, I find it hard to believe that de Valera would sit by and watch it beaten by Craigavon's "specials"—although the IRA is formally outlawed in the South. Trouble with the IRA in the South itself is unlikely. The revolutionary organization is very weak and its leadership mostly incompetent.

The German colony in Dublin has made undoubted efforts within the last three years to influence and control the IRA. Through the German-Irish Student Club, through the German consulate and through the agency of individual Germans everywhere in the country, a systematic pro-German and anti-British propaganda campaign has been conducted. This is now at an end. A week after the beginning of the war almost the whole German colony in Dublin was evacuated to the Fatherland. No one can assert positively that this was done by order of the government of Eire; still less can it be asserted that the action was taken at the instigation of the British government. But since the leading Germans, including many who had been resident in Ireland for nearly a score of years, have departed, whatever influence and organizing power they possessed has gone with them. The Irish army is scattered through the country and the Volunteers have been mobilized. Both in view of his opponents' weakness and his own preparedness, Mr. de Valera has every right to say, "The fourth danger perhaps doesn't matter much."

The most serious menace for Eire's neutrality lies in Ulster. The government of southern Ireland is certainly not pro-German in this war. They want, if possible, to keep out of the fighting, but they are more than anxious that Germany should not be victorious. The fate of Czecho-Slovakia has had its effect. But de Valera wants the North back, and though he has declared that he will never try to win it back by force of arms, a revolt occurring spontaneously in the North is another matter. If de Valera should lend support to such a revolt, England would have to take some notice of it.

American readers should not be misled about the reaction of Ireland in general to the IRA bombings in England. Every section of opinion in the country was outraged at these unprovoked, stupid and brutal attacks on innocent people. Mr. de Valera himself has manifested no sympathy whatever for the insurrectionists and has not raised a word of protest against the heavy sentences meted out to them in the English courts.

Since the war began Ireland has been blacked out every night with varying degrees of strictness, perhaps, as is suggested, by order of the English, who pointed out that fixing the location of Liverpool was easy, once Dublin was spotted. Furthermore, Irish cattle are being sold at the price fixed by the English Ministry of Supply, which was only a few shillings in excess of the current August rates. A deputation of Irish farmers complained, only to be told by the Irish Minister of Agriculture, "We are in the hands of the British government." In the active policy of the government and the sympathies of the population, the English win hands down. But if they can help it, the Irish are not going to fight in the war, at least militarily. That's what they hope anyhow, though even the most nationalistic of the Dublin papers talk gloomily of the insecurity of neutrality. DAVID GRENE

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Washington Notes

The NLRB's Family Trouble

THE READING of Commissioner Leiserson's intra-office memoranda in the first two sessions of the Smith committee's investigation of the NLRB brought dismay to Washington left-wingers. That for months there has been extreme tension within the NLRB has often been reported in these Notes. At the moment, Mr. Leiserson is being regarded as a sort of Benedict Arnold. He is in the awkward position of apparently aiding the Smith committee to do mayhem on the most militant, pro-labor agency within the New Deal.

The moral question, however, is not simple. When last winter Mr. Donald W. Smith was denied reappointment by the President, and Mr. Leiserson named instead, the NLRB was under heavy attack. Lists alleging indiscretions by NLRB field examiners were circulated throughout Washington. They charged no very serious crimes; at most, a demonstrative sympathy for the workers whose cases the examiners had before them. Nevertheless, two quite separate groups within the New Deal wished for a change in the NLRB's methods. Among those honestly concerned for labor's welfare, it was felt that, in the long run, just as much could be gained for labor by defter, more worldly combat. Other New Dealers, frightened by the Republican successes in the November, 1938, election, saw the NLRB as a political handicap in 1940.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Leiserson had tacit instructions to wash the NLRB behind its ears. As it happens, Mr. Leiserson is not one who achieves his ends by personal charm. He is plain-spoken, forthright, blunt to a degree. Among the left-wingers, it now is being said that he made no effort to familiarize himself with matters that had taken place before he joined the Board, and that, not being a lawyer, he did not always understand the procedures demanded by the NLRB's statute. These criticisms, in my opinion, are partly unjustified, partly irrelevant. Mr. Leiserson had his own excellent sources of information within the NLRB, and he had what he considered a necessary job to do.

He met in a head-on collision with Chairman Madden. Ironically, Mr. Leiserson came to the Board with the utmost respect for Mr. Madden; his knife was unsheathed, if for anyone, for Commissioner Edwin S. Smith. But Mr. Madden exactly fits that horse-and-buggy phrase, a gentleman and a scholar. He has, moreover, an exaggerated sense of *noblesse oblige*. Just because he does not altogether approve of a man in an inferior position to his, he must be fair, and more than fair, to him. Mr. Madden decided that Mr. Leiserson was not being fair to various Board officials, among them the secretary, Mr. Witt. Accordingly, Mr. Madden hastily strapped on his armor, and, all through the heat of last summer, a most unholy fight rocked the NLRB.

The tragic aspect of the Smith Committee hearings, according to NLRB insiders, is that from their controversy Messrs. Leiserson and Madden came to have great respect for each other, and that, as a result, since about September the Board has functioned with perhaps more effectiveness than ever before, although without its earlier belligerency. The reading of his memoranda before the Smith Committee, however, has unquestionably reopened the previous breach between Mr. Leiserson and the remaining Board members.

The episode has a maddening aspect. From a practical standpoint, there is no discoverable reason why the Smith Committee should ever have been permitted to obtain possession of the Leiserson memoranda. Unless I am grossly misinformed, no documents remotely approaching them would have found their way into the files of older departments, State, Treasury, War or Navy. An acquaintance of mine, an experienced government official, has an invariable comment when any scheme is presented to him: "How will it sound to a congressional investigating committee?" The fact seems to be that the Smith Committee was able to get the NLRB's files principally because of Chairman Madden's ingrained high-mindedness. He is said to have felt that he, and the NLRB, ought to take responsibility for whatever they had done, good or bad, and defend it on its merits. In an ideal world this would be wholly admirable, but it is unlikely that an ideal world would contain Representative Smiths.

What will be the outcome? It is generally understood that Mr. Leiserson went to the NLRB with the intention of remaining six months; if, at the end of that time, the NLRB had not reformed itself to his liking, he was to return either to the National Mediation Board or another New Deal post. The six months will end in January. Should Mr. Leiserson resign then, it would place a new, probably irresistible weapon in the hands of the NLRB's enemies. The least damaging action that Congress would be likely to take would be to adopt the AFL's proposal to replace the present commissioners by a five-man board. Because of the obvious dangers to the NLRB that his resignation would bring, it is now hoped that Mr. Leiserson may consent to remain, at least until the Smith investigation is ended.

The implications of Secretary Ickes' recent fling at Security Administrator McNutt have, I think, been insufficiently appreciated. It is entirely possible that Mr. Ickes' few steely words have murdered Mr. McNutt's presidential hopes. Mr. McNutt's agents are understood to have spread the two-pronged report that Mr. Roosevelt had definitely decided not to stand for a third term, and that, with equal definiteness, he was committed to Mr. McNutt as his successor. It is entirely possible that Mr. Ickes, in saying that Mr. McNutt was not the choice of the New Dealers, spoke without Mr. Roosevelt's authority. But unless Mr. Roosevelt now specifically repudiates Mr. Ickes, politicians the country over, understandably enough, will greet the McNutt delegate-hunters with incredulous smiles. Mr. Ickes has apparently created a situation that, before many weeks are past, will force Mr. McNutt either to resign from the administration and become a non-Roosevelt—if not anti-Roosevelt—candidate, or else drop his ambitions altogether. No great gift of prophecy, it seems to me, is required to foretell which course Mr. McNutt will take. As an ex-Governor of Indiana, roaming the country, he will be scarcely more formidable than the industrious Mr. Frank E. Gannett is in the Republican Party.

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A small crumb of cheer in these days is the report that not only is Mr. William Dudley Pelley, head of the Silver Shirts, on the lam, but that his organization has been violently split by internal quarrels and is apparently dead.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

The Bankers' Tangled Web

ONE OF THE STRANGE CHAPTERS of the last six years has to do with the banks and the investment bankers. It is a confused and tangled skein and it will take time to unravel. And the reason for bringing this up now is the latest chapter in the story, which was enacted last week before the Temporary National Economic Committee.

It will be recalled that one of the scandals of the pre-depression days was the unholy wedlock between the banks and the investment bankers. Or was it wedlock? Were not the banks, some banks at least, living in sin with the investment bankers? The worst form this took was found in the banks with investment affiliates and certain private bankers who combined investment banking with their banking business. It is not necessary to call up here the long and dark story of the manner in which banks of deposit became mere instruments in the hands of underwriter-promoters. In some cases the banks were destroyed, as happened in Detroit and Cleveland and other places, or were seriously impaired so that depositors or stockholders lost great sums or were saved from heavy loss by government rescue work. But beyond all that, the banker-underwriter-promoter alliance had been used ruthlessly to center control of railroad and industrial corporations in the hands of a small number of powerful persons.

The sordid details of this bad system were exposed by the Senate Banking and Currency Committee. The committee launched its investigation during the Hoover administration, with Ferdinand Pecora as chief counsel, and most of the serious revelations were made before the present administration came into power.

When that administration began its checkered history there was a wild rush to Washington of many sorts of persons—by no means all of them radicals, progressives, or liberals. The Treasury, particularly, housed a strange collection of Morgan allies, corporation lawyers and a vice-president of the American Bankers' Association. Also to Washington went young Mr. W. Averill Harriman, head of the very large investment banking house of Brown Brothers, Harriman and Company and chairman of the board of the Union Pacific Railroad. He became head of the NRA after General Johnson and S. Clay Williams of the Tobacco Trust left. He and Mr. Vincent Astor were intimates and business associates in the good old days, now apparently forgotten, when the President used to take his vacations on the "Nourmahal." Mr. Harriman's firm was one of those big Wall Street banking organizations which were both bank of deposit and underwriting house.

Following the Pecora revelations, Senator Glass introduced a bill to prohibit persons from carrying on the business of bank and underwriter at the same time. This hit Mr. Harriman—an administration pet. It hit some other administration pets. And for some reason the administration never got interested in that bill or any other bill to correct these banking evils. The Glass bill was finally passed, but it was passed without any aid from the administration.

Among other things, that act provided that "it shall be unlawful for any person, firm, corporation, association, business trust or other similar organization engaged in the business of underwriting, selling or distributing at wholesale or retail or through syndicate participation, stocks, bonds, debentures, notes or other securities to engage at the same time to any extent whatever in the business of receiving deposits."

After this the firm of Brown Brothers, Harriman and Company had to decide what it would do—stay in the banking business or the underwriting business. It solved the problem by apparently going out of the underwriting business. Brown Brothers, Harriman and Company remained as a bank of deposit. But a new corporation was organized, called Brown, Harriman and Company. The underwriting staff of Brown Brothers, Harriman and Company—two hundred or more—was transferred to it. Also the old staff of the National City Company, outlawed affiliate of the National City Bank, was merged with it and about the same number brought in. Brown, Harriman and Company occupied the offices formerly occupied by Brown Brothers, Harriman and Company and additional space was taken. And this new firm then continued the underwriting business.

Last week before the TNEC, Mr. Harriman under questioning testified that he, his brother and his four children owned all the preferred stock and more than 90 percent of the common stock of Brown, Harriman and Company (the concern changed its name last year to Harriman, Ripley and Company). But the naïve Mr. Harriman insisted that neither he nor his brother had any control over it. They left the management to the officers. He did not seem to be able to recognize the fact that a man may have control of a business even though he employs a competent manager and leaves the administration to him.

The object of the banking act was to put a stop to underwriters and banks being owned by the same persons. It also ended bank affiliates. A bank affiliate was a corporation which was separate from the bank and did not belong to the bank. It was owned by the same stockholders as the bank. This enabled the bank and the affiliate to work together. That is what Congress wanted to stop.

Will Mr. Harriman and his brother who, with their children, own more than 90 percent of the stock of an underwriting house, say they are not in the business of selling securities? And if they are, what becomes of the law which says that it shall be unlawful for a person or corporation engaged in underwriting to engage at the same time "to any extent" in the business of receiving deposits? And why has not the proper authority proceeded against Mr. Harriman under the law?

There is no charge that the two are engaged in any dishonest practices. But if it is all right for the favored Mr. Harriman to do this, why is it not all right for anyone? And if laws can be so easily circumvented this way, what is the purpose of passing them? JOHN T. FLYNN

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Take It!

I WAS SITTING HERE, not bothering anybody, just listening to Mr. John Hammond on CBS giving a plug to Horace Heidt, and wishing I had $10,000 a year so I could go around discovering musicians like Horace Heidt, and with one mighty flick of the fingers turning off the sound of Mr. Hammond and Mr. Heidt—when in came a book on Jazz. The book: "Jazzmen,"[1] a collection of fifteen pieces written by nine enthusiasts, edited by Frederic Ramsey Jr. and Charles Edward Smith, and containing some good pictures over some bad captions written (my guess is) by Charles Edward Smith.

Well, let's come to order, folks. The trouble with most writing about jazz is that it reads one or more of several ways: as though it had been written with the attitude of a class secretary preparing an obit on a fellow he didn't know awfully well and never was sure he wanted to know better; or written by a pedant who had rhythm and an ear in spite of himself; or written by Charles Edward ("I knows how to write") Smith. I don't know which is worst, but you'll find all three in this book. It is a book you can put down, in spite of having a lot of stuff in it. Good stuff, too, which makes it all the sadder. I have yet to read a good book on jazz, although that is not to say that I recommend the destruction of those that have been written. Maybe a good book will come out of jazz, and until it does I may say that I approve the idea of a jazz literature, even that which we have now.

Why no good book on jazz? The answer may be hidden in my discovery that there has come to be almost a formula for the non-fiction books. This is the way *I'd* do it according to the formula: go back to Geip's Syncopated Jazz Band of Altoona, Pennsylvania. That's an early band most people never heard of, and starting with them like that would prove that I do go 'way back. Oh, when Jack Gallagher and I got to singing "Jazz Me" at Pat Duffy's Corner, Logan and Norwegian Streets, Pottsville, Pennsylvania, I knows how to write. . . . Then I would reprint the first four bars of "Stavin' Change, the Meanest Man in Noo Orleens" and the first eight bars of "My Poppa Don't Two-Time No Time Cause If He Ever Does Two-Time One Time Then He's Never Gonna Two-Time No More." That will prove I can read (which I can't) and will decorate a page. Then let me tell you the one about Big Gate, the time he said to Paul, "But Paul, I only waved to her *this* way *once*." That will prove I was one of the boys around the Onyx, the old-old Onyx, the one with the wire mailbasket on the wall that always had letters for Jack Pettis in it. Then I throw in maybe a mention of Astree-Luce, the old dame in "The Cabala" who got the Flonzaleys to play some passages a little faster. That will prove I didn't spend all my time in Rooms, but sometimes dipped into Mr. Hobson's cousin Thornton. Then a word or two about me and Oscar and Wallenstein, to show I also mingle with the velvet-jacket boys. Then I take a healthy crack at Paul Whiteman, write my own personal eulogy of the late great Leon Beiderbecke and be careful that I wait for another paragraph to state that white musicians don't make—and there's my book. And you can have it. I have the others.

I suppose I cannot legitimately quarrel with the enthusiasts for being enthusiastic. Wilder Hobson, for instance, is a part-time close friend of mine, and I don't want to quarrel with him. But with all the words that all the enthusiasts have written, I have yet to see one simple statement attacking the musicians themselves for the perpetuation of that disgusting fraud that they go on calling swing. The boys have written about everyone and everything else. They still go on about Bix, who for my dough was not quite in the same league as Bobby Hackett, when the definitive piece on Beiderbecke was buried by one Frank Norris several years ago in Town and Country. Inevitably, because of the short history and other obvious limitations of jazz, the writing enthusiasts have to go over and over the same material, a fact which needs no further proof than you will find in "Jazzmen." I am almost thirty-five, with more than twenty years' listening-time behind me, so I wish one of the younger men would attack swing. But none of the younger men has, so I'll make a try at it.

Swing is a fraud because it is non-existent. What the people call swing is just jazz, suddenly popular again because a new generation grew up and learned to call it swing. There is nothing new about it, nothing different except the name, and the name? Well, it's like this: "to swing it," means, or used to mean, to treat a passage or a whole chorus in a certain way. My vocabulary isn't good enough to do the describing but some people will know what I mean when I say that swinging it was almost an onomatopoetic term; certainly it was a poetic term, which gave a pictorial description of the way the music was being played. To call present-day jazz swing would be a lot like calling present-day football pass, just because there is more passing now than there was fifteen years ago. They still hit the line and run the ends; and a lot of the jazz they play today is not swung.

Maybe it's all right for the musicians, from Paul Whiteman down (and just so there'll be no mistake about it, I want to state that I think he is the one great man in jazz), to consent to the dishonesty of calling it swing when they know it isn't. Maybe it was expedient. Maybe the so-called revival would not have occurred or lasted so long if there had not been a new name for jazz. But I don't like it. I don't like it any more than I like Mr. Hammond's definition of swing: "A band may be said to swing when its collective improvisations are rhythmically integrated." That applies equally well to a jam session or to a Guy Lombardo rehearsal.

One thing more: I wish the johnny-come-latelies would take to hell their yapping about wonderful improvisation, say by Benny Goodman, while they are whipping themselves up to an appreciation of a lick that they know is coming three choruses hence. I once corrected George Gershwin on the playing of a Gershwin tune; I remembered his own recording of it better than he did. (Oh, plenty of witnesses.) I have no trouble remembering many arrangements as far back as Whiteman's "Coral Sea," and I take pleasure in anticipating what I know is to come. On the other hand, I like a genuine jam session. In brief, I love jazz.

JOHN O'HARA

[1] Jazzmen, edited by Frederic Ramsey Jr. and Charles Edward Smith. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 376 pages. $2.75.

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On the Records

Before the radio, the crankwinding phonograph was the only contact with music open to thousands of Americans. You could hear the Dixieland Jazzband or Caruso in a Montana farmhouse and on the lake outside of Worcester (Mass.). The music wasn't highly varied or more than one-third reproduced, but it was music; and as time went on the demand for it made more expensive artists and reproduction set-up possible. The phonograph grew from a gadget to an industry and was going great guns to fill a national need—and then the radio came along, went from a crystal set to sixteen tubes, and in the late twenties the phonograph dived almost out of the picture.

But in the late thirties, recorded music has been slowly making a comeback. People found that the radio wore pretty thin, that their favorite music was lost in a smother of song hits and conductors with a Crossley rating; that they either couldn't hear what they wanted to hear, or had to wait until the rare time someone was willing to give it out. Also, the phonograph has been developed to a remarkable degree of fidelity and full volume, and a complete library of recordings would need a warehouse. This year, Variety carries the report that 650,000 radio-phonograph combinations will probably be bought in the United States, at an average cost of $100 each. And the record sales for last year, in which only 370,000 such sets were purchased, amounted to $40,000,000. And so for yourself or for your friends (and records are one of the easiest outs on the gift problem at any time of year), I mean to report briefly in The New Republic from time to time, such of the new recordings as seem worth listening to—or worth saving your money on, as the case may be. They are coming so fast off the stamper these days that the report will have to be in the form of a checklist. This one is mostly seasonal:

Checklist of Christmas Music

Organ Music, played by E. Power Biggs on the Baroque organ of the Germanic Museum, Harvard University, (Victor, 4 sides; $4.50). With the exception of two small Christmas pieces by Louis Claude Daquin, this album is devoted to four of Bach's chorale preludes—"Wachet Auf!" "Ruft uns die Stimme," "In Dulci Jubilo," "Nun Freut Euch, Lieben Christen g' Mein," and "Nun Komm', der Heiden Heiland." All of this music is appropriate to the Christmas season, and it is played with a cheerful intimacy very unlike that often heard on big modern organs. This is partly due to the old style of organ, and partly to Biggs's strict adherence to eighteenth-century traditions of performance. This style of playing introduces in some spots a new and more human Bach—one who shows up to particular advantage in "Wachet Auf!," the first of the chorale preludes. The music is finely recorded, although the hard surface and the volume of sound tend to wear down needles rapidly.

Toccatas and Fugues, Volume I, by J. S. Bach. Played by Carl Weinrich on the new Praetorius organ of the Westminster Choir School (Musicraft, 8 sides; $6.50). This album takes in the toccatas and fugues in D minor, F major and (with two fugues) in E major. As in the Biggs album, the complex contrapuntal passages are approached with a lightness of touch which at first seems to detract somewhat from the architectural grandeur of the D minor toccata, but which adds zest to the other two. Occasionally loud passages in the upper registers sound stringy, but the general excellence of the performance compensates for this in a large degree. Advertised as being the first of the Bach-period organs to have been built with recording requirements in mind, the Praetorius organ comes through with clarity which emphasizes the limitations as well as advantages of the organ itself. One of the former is awkwardness in shifting from one organ voice or phrase to another, something which the echoes in a large church help to cover.

Christmas Concerto, by Arcangelo Corelli (1653-1713). Bruno Walter and the London Philharmonic Orchestra (Victor, 4 sides; $3.50). Gentle music in the old concerto-grosso form. The pastorale movement is particularly lovely and is given a properly subdued performance. As much in keeping with the season as the word Christmas itself.

Concerto No. 3 in G Minor for Oboe and Strings, by G. F. Handel. Mitchell Miller, oboe, and strings of the CBS Symphony Orchestra conducted by Howard Barlow (Columbia, 2 sides; $1.50). Written in a style as simple and direct as Corelli's, although not so inspired. Miller's exquisite oboe tone more than compensates for sluggish accompaniment in the strings.

STANLEY FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

The autumn of '39 was made up of many things besides the war—let's not forget that. There was big news of many kinds. Deanna Durbin's first film kiss, for instance. – *From a column by Katherine Brush in The Chicago Daily News.*

Henry Ford recently said, "We are all on the spot." Present times leave us with little faith in man. It is time to make practical application of the time-honored declaration "In God We Trust." Invest in and patronize American business. – *From an advertisement of Carr O'Brien Company, Investments, in The Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Raymond Holden knows a lot about woman's intuition, but then he has been an editor of The New Yorker and Cosmopolitan, and is now with the Book-of-the-Month Club. – *Harry Hansen, reviewing Raymond Holden's "Believe the Heart," in The New York World-Telegram.*

As I attempt to size up what is happening in Europe, I become more and more convinced that a gigantic game of power politics is being played there. – *From the article, "Our Summer in Europe," by Algo D. Henderson, president of Antioch College, in that school's Alumni Bulletin.*

"Pick out a good centrally located neighborhood. . . . Build a simple, compact, well insulated home. . . . Be sure to get enough land with your house so you can have a kitchen garden if you are out of work.

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Persons of good stock, good habits and average intelligence should have large families. . . . We need more employers and they must be bred. On the other hand, if you have not this background—and especially if you are on relief—avoid having any children. – *From a special letter, "Advice to Young People," signed by Roger Babson.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

A Communication

Gap in the Front Lines

SIR: Robert Marshall, who died suddenly on November 11 at the age of thirty-eight, would have deplored any time, space or energy devoted to a solemn eulogy of himself or his works. If convinced that some memorial was unavoidable, he would certainly have advised his friends to take a thirty-mile walk, get dressed up and go dancing, or engage in a good rousing fight with the most obstructive stuffed shirt available.

But a lot of very fundamental qualities—absolute honesty, realism, belief in human beings—took on a kind of inspired and flashing force in Bob. And these qualities, rarely enough found among the intellectuals even in less crystalline form, are vital to the difficult process of improving this world—particularly when they are directed with such systematic energy toward the concrete and useful ends which Bob had always before him.

And so, in a season marked by more than usual cynicism and confusion, it seems imperative to notice publicly the painful gaps created by his death. Perhaps there are some able youngsters coming along who will be encouraged to know that such a wholehearted and at the same time hard-boiled idealist as Bob not only can be extremely useful and effective, but also have a very swell life.

Here are some of the things Bob was. No one person can be exactly this again, but the country needs everyone who can do any part of his work.

He was the protector of the remaining wilderness areas, passionate enough to know that the fight is worth while even though it may be a generation before the masses of the people have the chance to find pleasure and recreation in them, but also convinced that the fight will not have been worth while until that is achieved. The right person must be appointed to Bob's old job in the Forest Service—Director of the Division of Recreation and Lands—the job which was made for him and which marked the Forest Service's first major recognition of the recreational value of our forests and wilderness. (One of the primitive areas he helped to save will soon be named for him.) And the Wilderness Society, that compact and useful mouthpiece and educational instrument, must be kept going and strengthened. Within the next few years Bob would certainly have written the classic book on natural environment in America and there have outlined a long-term social-economic policy for our natural heritage. Someone must step into the breach and train himself for this responsibility.

He was a lively and insistent cross-current in the Washington scene. The great tragedy of even the best bureaucrats is that they tend to mill around in ever smaller and smaller circles, caught in a sort of downward vortex of expertise and office gossip. Great ideas and fundamental principles become embarrassing in ordinary conversation. But Bob had the nerve systematically to get all kinds of people together—Congressmen, prima-donna braintrusters, professional civil servants, promoters of this or that—hand them a dubious drink, and then insist that they debate seriously and exhaustively on some such topic as the public ownership of resources, Soviet Russia or our refugee policy.

He was an unwearied, unsentimental, common-sense radical who never supported any movement without participating in it wholeheartedly and responsibly. His ideals were always fitted to real people and real situations and he was therefore never swallowed up by the frustration which sooner or later overcomes intellectuals who embrace abstract credos and then confuse the salvation of their own souls with the common weal. The organization of the unemployed and the sharecroppers he saw, and supported, as necessary immediate steps, whatever might come thereafter.

He was a scientist who on the one hand applied a disciplined objective method in even the most trivial observations, and who on the other hand loved all kinds of people because he understood them so well, and could satisfy his insatiable curiosity about people because he loved them so well. He never took one of his forty-mile walks without making a dozen friends and learning something valuable about the people as well as the landscape. Even the simplest souls liked and trusted him enough (though he may often have seemed rather a "nut" to them) to give him something of themselves and to accept something of him in return. His "Arctic Village" is an extraordinarily fresh and significant work in the field of social and regional analysis. More studies need to be made in this spirit.

He was an effective and energetic public servant who proved that candor plus knowing your stuff can often work more miracles than the smoothest guile—but who very well understood how the wheels go round, and when and where to fight, to ridicule, to accept. Enjoying his own work thoroughly (and embroidering the civil service occasionally with such stimulating deeds as his heroic burlesque fight with the dead hand of the Comptroller General's office), he was the one guy who could always pull you out of the squirrel-cage and make you feel again the excitement, importance and opportunity in what you were trying to do. When he died he was just about to take two months' leave to write a book which had long been in his head—a book on federal public administration which would certainly have given pleasure, a sharp and witty picture, realistic information and useful advice, to those numerous responsible citizens who curse or praise "Washington" by the hour but haven't the faintest understanding of the actual workings of this gigantic instrument which is in their hands. Here's another job for someone.

CATHERINE BAUER; THOMAS and CATHERINE BLAISDELL; JOHN and LILIAN COFFEE; JOHN COLLIER; GARDNER and DOROTHY JACKSON; F. A. SILCOX; RAPHAEL and ANNA ZON

Washington, D. C.

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Correspondence

Machiavelli Gone Mad

SIR: The brutal and lawless assault upon Finland by the Soviet Union requires a footnote, and perhaps much more than a footnote, to my recent article: "Machiavelli in Moscow" [November 29]. The "cynical logic" which The New Republic and doubtless many of its readers attributed to me in connection with that article is not my logic but the logic of all *Realpolitik*. It is at best the logic of power pursued under conditions of international anarchy. It is at worst the logic of lawlessness and crime. The point at which "realism" becomes vice is admittedly difficult to fix. And the doctrine that the end justifies the means is admittedly a dangerous doctrine. But I would not wish anyone to suppose that I view Stalin's latest move in any other light than as an utterly indefensible criminal act which is at once politically stupid and morally monstrous.

Last spring I wrote: "The Soviet Union will never in any presently visible future take the sword against non-Socialist States." That prognosis, though wrong, then seemed justified by the entire record of Soviet foreign policy for twenty years. The other prediction referred to in a recent letter by Mr. Luke Haversey—that "Downing Street will again prefer to buy peace, this time at the expense of Poland"—was in my judgment correct. The British War Blue Book demonstrates that Downing Street was prepared to the end to sacrifice Polish interests for the sake of peace if only Hitler would accept victory and not resort to lawless violence. Hitler preferred violence. Stalin has also preferred violence and therewith has joined the international anarchists.

The nausea and indignation which all liberals feel in the face of this outrage is completely justified. For the first time Moscow has deliberately and wantonly broken its own solemnly pledged word, and this without a shadow of justification, legal, ethical or political. (*Cf.* the Pact of Paris, the League Covenant, the Litvinov Protocol of February 9, 1929, the Soviet Conventions defining aggression of July 3, 1933, the Soviet-Finnish non-aggression pact of January 21, 1932, and the Soviet-Finnish Convention on Conciliation Procedure of April 22, 1932.) The ultimate end is still the same: defense against Germany. But the means, which were shrewd and defensible in the cases of Poland, Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, have now become indistinguishable from the techniques of aggression perfected in Tokyo, Rome and Berlin. Stalin has forgotten Bismarck's advice not to neglect the moral imponderables. Apart from all questions of law or ethics, defense defeats itself when it assumes the form of armed assault upon a third state whose only sins were pride and weakness. All vestiges of good will toward the Kremlin throughout the Western world have hereby been wantonly sacrificed. Machiavelli himself conceded that while a Prince need not possess good qualities, it is indispensable that he should appear to have them, "as men in general judge more from appearance than from reality." Men and women everywhere have judged Stalin's course in Finland. That course is worse than a crime: it is a blunder, for which the USSR will in the end be obliged to pay as dearly as Britain and France are now paying for their long connivance in Fascist aggression.

All this does not prove that Stalin and Hitler have a military alliance, nor does it prove that the Moscow trials were "frame-ups" or that Russia is a Fascist state or that Soviet socialism is dead. It does prove that Stalin and his advisers are so dizzy with success and so drunk with power that their hitherto astute practice of *Realpolitik* has given way to a blind brutality as devoid of political intelligence as of legal and moral scruples. And it raises a grave question as to whether the USSR can ever again be trusted either as innovator or as collaborator in future efforts to reconstruct a world order based on justice through law. That question will never admit of an affirmative answer until the Soviet leaders have made apology, restoration and full reparation to the victims of Moscow's present madness.

Williamstown, Mass. FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Mme. Tabouis and the Censorship

SIR: I am grateful to the reader who called your attention to the fact that the American radio has announced that I am a member of the French Propaganda Service.

During my twenty years of journalism, I have always limited my articles to the expression of facts as they present themselves, without the least partisanship. To tell the truth is always a difficult task in all countries, and one who does so risks making as many enemies as friends.

In any case, you may reassure your reader concerning myself. The French censor cuts my articles so much, and frequently suppresses them entirely—because I have told the truth—that no one could possibly accuse me of "making French propaganda." All my cables to American newspapers as well as my articles for American and English magazines are rigorously censored. More than once I have been obliged to rewrite them completely, since governments consider that "not all truths should be told."

Paris, France GENEVIEVE TABOUIS

Firing Professors at Montana U.

SIR: I was interested in your editorial in the October 11 issue, "Montana on the Firing Line," especially to see if I could discover any connection between this and the actual facts of the situation. The news that President Simmons has summarily dismissed five members of the faculty as of October 15, which you mention as having come to you, has not yet [October 11] reached this office. I am enclosing, however, a copy of a report which was made on September 11 by a committee of the State Board of Education which had been devoting a good deal of time over a period of five months to an exhaustive investigation of the situation at the State University. This report in its entirety was adopted by the State Board of Education.

On September 22, Professor H. G. Merriam presented his resignation. He asked that this take effect on October 1, 1939, as he had an opportunity to take a position elsewhere. The other men named in the report are all in active service at the university and regularly draw their salaries. If their resignations are presented to the Board as requested by October 15, they will continue to function and to draw their salaries for ten and a half months more. If they do not present their resignations by that date they will be informed in detail as to the reasons why the committee considers it undesirable for them to continue indefinitely as members of the faculty. They will then have thirty days in which to present any answers they may care to make to the Board, and at a later date, not earlier than thirty days subsequent to the filing of these replies, the special meeting of the Board mentioned in recommendation No. 3 will be held, on which occasion these men will have every opportunity to present their cases as fully as they may desire, either personally

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or by attorneys. They will continue to function and draw their salaries until such time, if any, as the Board may decide to remove them after the hearing above-mentioned, which cannot be sooner than the middle of December.

H. H. SWAIN
University of Montana, Missoula, Mont. Executive Secretary

[Mr. Swain's letter seems to us to be a quibble unworthy of him or any other spokesman of a great university. There is very little difference in fact between being summarily dismissed and being offered salary for a number of months as a bribe to go quietly without making a fuss. These faculty members were smeared in the newspapers all over Montana. They have never had an adequate opportunity to defend themselves against the charges, whatever they are, that have been made against them. President Simmons has repeatedly been under fire before in cases involving his relations with his faculty. It is ridiculous in view of the report of the American Association of University Professors and the court decisions in the Keeney case to try to pretend that the trouble at the University of Montana is just something invented in the office of The New Republic. – THE EDITORS]

Life of Howells

SIR: I have in progress a biographical study of William Dean Howells. If persons who possess material relating to the life of Howells will send it to me, I will copy it and return it promptly, with promise of future acknowledgment.

JOE HORRELL
University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Monkey Ward

SIR: Slater Brown's review of the Montgomery Ward catalogue in your December 6 issue omitted the fact that it was produced by the notoriously anti-union printing concern of R. R. Donnelley and Sons Company and therefore is on the "we don't patronize list" of the entire labor movement. Many farmers' organizations also have gone on record in opposition to the use of the "Monkey-Ward" product because they sympathize with labor—and also because the processed paper now used in the catalogue is regarded as the consummation of a conspiracy against the farmers, who were always able to derive a certain utility from the old print-paper.

Chicago, Ill. H. M. WICKS

Miss Ilma and Dr. Rumely

SIR: In your issue of November 29, Felice Swados mentions my name in connection with Dr. Rumely and his Nazi friends, and leaves the impression that I am or was to be considered to be a Fascist youth agent in this country. I wish emphatically to contradict such a conclusion.

It is true that in 1933 Dr. Rumely gave me a letter of introduction to Putzi Hanfstaengl, which I used while in Germany that year; he also gave me a second letter, which I never used, that may or may not have been to the Nazi official mentioned. It is logical to assume that Dr. Rumely knew that this would involve me with the Nazi youth leaders. I was emotionally affected by the youthful hullabaloo through which the Nazis harnessed the enthusiasm of German youth to vicious and destructive ends.

My experience translated itself into action, however, and with much enthusiasm but much confusion of thought, I organized the First American Youth Congress in 1934. This Congress attempted to unite Right, Left and Center; and a struggle for leadership developed, during which I resorted, as chairman, to undemocratic tactics in an effort to defeat and oust the minority of Communists present. Fortunately—I say this with all sincerity—the bulk of the delegates admired democratic methods more than they feared the few Communists present. Thus a split took place. The minority Right faction, from which I dissociated myself in late 1934, later went on to become "the abortive American youth movement, Nazi style." But the majority built up what is now known as the American Youth Congress, and I have long been in thorough agreement with its aims.

As to Dr. Rumely, I severed all connections with him in 1934. Experience and serious thought have convinced me that in opposing progressive legislation on behalf of Frank Gannett and his associates Dr. Rumely represents reactionary trends very menacing to American youth in particular and the American people in general. I understand the dangers to American democracy in the close connections and coördinated activity that have existed at various times between outright fascists like Father Coughlin and the committees headed by Dr. Rumely.

New York City VIOLA ILMA

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Our mail from Canada has jumped noticeably since the war. Some letters are merely heckling letters ("You leave the British lion's tail alone," etc.), but many express a desire to say the things that can't be said in Canada any more. John Carter of Toronto gives us some advice about the Russo-German pact, the American worker and Vincent Sheean. But he closes: "I wish I could trade places with you; if you lived up here you'd find out what this war is about. And in your boots, I'd do less sobbing about What Russia Did and tell Americans what neutrality really means." . . . The secretary of the Frank Watson Defense Committee sends us a release from Toronto, describing their efforts to appeal the verdict of a year in jail of a young restaurant worker, member of the British Labor Party, who was arrested after making a street-corner speech for remarks "likely or intended to prejudice recruiting of His Majesty's Service." The appeal is made on the grounds that Frank Watson's was the first arrest and that his "offense" was committed before the act defining it as an offense was even published. Address G. Dawson, 246 College Street, Toronto.

Robert Josephy, of the Book and Magazine Guild, has issued an answer to a statement made in The New York Herald Tribune by Ben Stolberg, the Bleeding Heart of Labor. Stolberg cites the BMG as Communist-controlled and says that thus free speech lies dying. Josephy says the Guild doesn't want responsibility for anybody's opinions and doesn't even care if publishers want to publish the old long growth of spinach about Red Control: "A certain number of people believe it and always will, and like to buy new books about it." The Guild's business is the security of publishing employees, technical training to increase their earning power, and the expansion of book and magazine publishing in general. That is, even if the name on the jacket is Stolberg, it's still a book in the technical sense of the word, and keeps technical people at work. Take it, Ben.

The League for Cultural Freedom and Socialism sends us the copy of a cable to Premier Daladier signed by thirty American artists and writers. Shortly after war broke out, Jean Giono, Alain, Victor Marguerite, Lecoin, Vigne, and other writers and trade unionists got out an anti-war pamphlet. Giono and Lecoin were promptly jailed; the cable protests this action.

Christmas-Card Mailbox. – William J. Regan, of Buffalo, sends his views on the changes in Europe without (for once) telling us and everybody else to get in the back of the class and listen: "I count on The New Republic for a slant on world events that cannot possibly be obtained in any other paper, and want to give a word of well wishing to all of your writers." And a merry Christmas to *you*, Mr. Regan.

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Jacob and the Angel

IN THAT CURIOUS but not ill paid class of those who compile anthologies, Mr. de la Mare occupies a lonely eminence. Out of a job that is more often held by obscure figures from the literary underworld, panders to our desire for culture without effort, fashion artists with an eye on the schools and the Christmas market, he has made something really valuable. He is perhaps the only poet who has used the anthology as a definite creative form. I remember very well the appearance, when I was a schoolboy, of "Come Hither," a collection which, more than any book I have read before or since, taught me what poetry is. Since then I have always waited eagerly for his next,[1] nor have I been disappointed. His expositions of desert islands, childhood, and now dreams, have done much more than introduce one to the unfamiliar and the pleasing; they have helped to crystallize one's thought and feeling about the whole field of experience with which they were concerned.

For this reason the ordinary canons of anthology criticism are irrelevant. I may, for instance, be unable to share Mr. de la Mare's admiration for Christina Rossetti, I may feel that his attitude to Freud is unfair and based more upon popular misconceptions than on the original, and that the omission of Jung in a book about dreams is puzzling; or, on the other hand, I may be delighted at finding two poems by Margery Seiffert which I did not know or a sonnet by Charles Madge which I did know and particularly admire; but such reactions to a book of this kind are of personal importance only. For the problem which it raises and in part helps to solve is of much wider importance than questions of literary taste, even if it perhaps immediately concerns writers more than most people, namely: What attitude should we adopt to that half of life which dominates the night, to the Unconscious, the Instinctive and extra-personal, the Determined, the Daemonic?

In his fascinating introductory essay, which includes some beautiful dreams of his own, Mr. de la Mare, while well aware that the dream life can be not only horrible but, worse and more often, trivial, "a tale told by a clumsy and half-literate tyro whose name appears to be *Self*," is in no doubt as to his final answer:

> The prig, the prude and the precious had best keep awake; they are more at home in the daytime. Still, if, when they slumber, they dream, they probably enjoy the fare provided. . . . My dream-life has assuredly not been roses, roses all the way, although it has had its generous share of myrtle. And, taking the bad with the good, and not merely by reason of a native physical indolence, one may delight in what sleep has to bestow, and set out for it, night after night, as if to keep an assignation with a friend.

That is well said and, if I venture to extend and qualify it, I do so, not as a criticism of Mr. de la Mare himself, whose art tells me that what he has left unsaid he knows as well or better than I, but because, both in art and life, above all in social and political life, we are today confronted by the spectacle, not of a Utilitarian rationalism that dismisses all that cannot be expressed in prose and statistics as silly childish stuff, but rather by an ecstatic and morbid abdication of the free-willing and individual before the collective and the daemonic. We have become obscene night worshipers who, having discovered that we cannot live exactly as we will, deny the possibility of willing anything and are content masochistically *to be lived*, a denial that betrays not only us but our daemon itself.

For we are witnessing the dissolution of a historical epoch which may be called for convenience Protestant, one during which the day life and the night life were segregated from each other. On one side was the humanist tradition of the Renaissance, expecting a millennium for the practical and social man through the exclusive exercise of the individual reason; on the other was the Calvinist tradition of the Reformation making the contemplative man, whether as artist or as religious, the passive instrument of daemonic powers. Romantic political theory took over this doctrine of Grace into the social life as the theory of the General Will. But as long as capitalism was expanding, despite Napoleon, the inadequacy of rationalist Liberalism to guarantee material happiness was unperceived by the majority, and it was not until after the Great War that political Romanticism became a great force and a great enemy.

Romanticism grew with Industrialism: for that very day of work and money which is essentially the domain of conscious and willed acts, has, with the growth of centralization, specialization and mechanization, taken on more and more, for the vast majority, the arbitrary determined aspect of the night and the dream, and not a pleasant dream either. For how many millions is their free individual life now thrown back into a Personal Unconscious, to issue only at night or in popular entertainment as dreams, the mechanical properties of which betray their all too private origin, dreams that are in no sense visions but only, to use a phrase of Mr. de la Mare's, "the aimless silly secretions" of a frustrated ego?

Small wonder then if, contrasting their daily experience with the professionally "sunny" utterances of their governments in favor of reason and humaneness, they have ceased to believe in either, and follow voices whose hypnotic tones seem more consonant with life. For how should they know that the new song to which they listen with such rapture as the call of "Instinct" is nothing of the kind, but only the wailing of an egotistic "Reason" crippled by inaction? How should they know that the smug hypocrites were right in what they said, but did not act upon—that the daemonic powers are helpless by themselves, since it is the day life that must not only find the means to the ends they desire, but even discover the ends themselves? For the Unconscious is blind; it knows it wants something, but cannot tell what it is until the right something is put into its hands.

From this society in which the positions of Anima and Animus are inverted—in which it is reason that more and more leads an underground "imaginative" life, while politics becomes more and more "surrealist"—we must escape as soon as we can. That is why Darwin, Hegel, Marx, Freud, Jung, whatever modifications we shall have to make in their theories, and they will be many, are so important to us. They indicate the line—and it is one which poetry has always followed, except when it has degenerated into academism or nonsense—along which the day can be reconciled with the night, Freedom with Destiny. For beneath all their

[1] Behold This Dreamer, by Walter de la Mare. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 721 pages. $4.50.

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local and timely errors, they agree upon a common and fundamental truth, which is this:

Yes, the Liberal *Aufklärung* was wrong: in the last analysis we *are* lived, for the night brings forth the day, the unconscious It fashions the conscious fore-brain; the historical epoch grows the idea; the subject matter creates the technique—but it does so precisely in order that it may itself escape the bonds of the determined and the natural. The daemon creates Jacob the prudent Ego, not for the latter to lead, in self-isolation and contempt, a frozen attic life of its own, but to be a loving and reverent antagonist; for it is only through that wrestling bout of which the sex act and the mystical union are the typical symbols that the future is born, that Jacob acquires the power and the will to live, and the demon is transformed into an angel.

W. H. AUDEN

Books in Review

The Last Volunteers

ONE EARLY MORNING in October, 1936, I sat beside a Catalan militiaman on the Aragon front. We were perched on a crumbling walltop in Tardienta, gazing, not toward that cursed chapel of Santa Quiteria which had cost the division so many lives, but toward the brown and blue Pyrenees, covered already with a delicate lace of snow. What was going on behind those mountains? What were they thinking of us? What were they doing for us? In particular, what were the revolutionary democrats of America going to do for us?

The Catalan, an intellectual, was mournful and embittered. "It makes one feel tragically alone to look at those damned hills. They shut everything out; we are dying at the end of the earth," he said, with Catalan extravagance. We did not know that at that moment the revolutionary democrats of America, and of all Europe, were gasping on the blue heights of those hills, on their way down to the plains.

The story of these men, in part, is in this book. They fought well, they fought better than anyone except their co-religionists in Spain, but perhaps they will never understand that their greatest contribution in those early days was that they broke that nerve-shattering loneliness. And something of the melancholy their departure must have created is conveyed in the grotesque and striking passage at the end of Rolfe's book. The band of the *carabineros* of Ripoll turned out at night to give the Americans a last tribute:

> They made a strange, gnomelike sight, parading through the foggy, chilled, narrow streets in their hooded ponchos from which no faces were visible—only the flaring ends of their horns. They looked like twenty-four freezing little Santa Clauses . . . their music indicated how cold they were.

Why these men went to Spain is a problem that writers—Malraux, Bessie and Sommerfield, to mention a few—have set themselves. The question has been badly put as a rule. "There is a no-man's-land between conviction and action into which the great majority of humankind never ventures," Mr. Rolfe says here. Between conviction and possible and necessary action there is to my mind no distance at all. What one needs to discuss is the nature of assent, and the nature of belief, half-belief, pseudo-belief, rationalization, and so forth. Questioned, even in intimacy, as to their reasons for fighting, very few of these men ever gave an answer, except the stereotyped and uninteresting one, "to fight for democracy." That always seemed to me to be no more precise an answer than "to fight for cousinhood." There's no doubt whatsoever that they fought for democracy. But the behavior of plain democrats has been so dissimilar from theirs that I doubt orthodox democracy has power to move men like this.

Some went in search of personal glory, no doubt; others in search of adventure; a few said they "loved fighting." (The last were all liars, they had merely loved quarreling: they soon had enough of fighting.) Some were endeavoring to integrate themselves. And the last motive, Mr. Rolfe says, was present in Commissar Dallet. He could quote Eliot and Yeats and Rilke, and he knew his Debussy as well as his Mozart. He could be tough, or pretend to be tough, and he could organize like the next man, and he could be rash. And he was always first-rate. He puzzled many of the men, however, and not a few misunderstood him. His secret, and he tried to keep it, was that he had been born into an upper-middle-class family:

> In his effort to bridge the gap between wealth and self-imposed poverty, leisure and the roughest of manual labor, he tried to make himself over completely. He throttled the evidences of his earlier sheltered life, he hardened himself consciously, every part of him, even the sound and inflection of his speech.

An unnecessary effort, I think; but I knew he was making the effort for a profound reason. He, like others, had come to Spain to help forward the eventual establishment of a socialist society.

It is time certain things were said in print, Mr. Vincent Sheean has just written. It is time. In this book of Rolfe's can be seen a tragedy. Read the battle roll of the Lincoln Battalion. Add to it the war credits of the Garibaldis and the Dombrowskis, and the Thaelmanns and the Fifth Regiment. Their battles—Madrid, Jarama, Guadalajara, Brunete, Belchite, Teruel and the Ebro—are all the great battles, their victories are all the victories. And who were "they"? That is the tragedy, that the only troops to defend the simple Spanish democracy without breaking were those who were not plain status-quo democrats, but revolutionaries.

It is a tragedy in two senses. First, that the Popular Front in that degree should have failed and, second, that these men should have been compelled, by their own

[1] The Lincoln Battalion, by Edwin Rolfe. New York: Random House. 333 pages. $2.50.

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vehement consciences, to fling themselves again and again into the destroying hell of such battles as Brunete and the Great Retreat. Read Rolfe's account of those March days, I marvel that men could withstand so much. I say, I marvel at it; I had left Spain by then, and until I read Rolfe's account I had never realized what they had suffered. And the March days were not the only extremity. All the Lincoln's battles are in this serene-tempered book. They are described as a man should describe his fights, with neither literary encumbrances nor mock heroics. It is an honest-to-God, straightforward account of a thrilling and significant experience.

RALPH BATES

The Waste Land: 1939

First Will and Testament, by Kenneth Patchen. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 182 pages. $2.50.

MR. PATCHEN'S second book represents a substantial achievement—something over one hundred poems, including three remarkable verse dramas and the beginning of a projected seven-volume poem, "The Hunted City." In contrast with his first volume, "Before the Brave," in which the combination of revolutionary ardor and experimental techniques did not preclude monotony, this volume reveals Mr. Patchen as an eclectic but intensely interesting young poet and a master craftsman.

This achievement takes on some magnitude when one considers how difficult it is to write positively in a milieu of disillusionment. Mr. Patchen, a class-conscious Hamlet who has read Freud, Joyce and Kafka among many others, looks upon the world as sick, and translates the horrors of wars, betrayals, purges, unemployment and exploitation into literary realities which the reader feels as terrible experiences. Part of Patchen's success is due to the effect of directness and simplicity he gets through his skill in the rhythms of idiomatic and oratorical speech. His gusto and rebellious vigor find outlet in Falstaffian ribaldry, in some amusing ribbing of the literati, and in such apt expressions as "roarous," "cow-nugget," "antelope of dream," "blue ass of night," "Jesus-wing." In a sense his work is "The Waste Land" brought up to date with less cerebral strain and more meat and blood. Like Eliot he uses many literary allusions and, like Shakespeare, many topical allusions. He is writing for us and for our day, but probably has done it well enough to interest posterity.

Patchen's range extends from the delicate lines of "Fall of the Evening Star":

> Exaggerate the green blood in grass;
> The music of leaves scraping space;

to the utter despair of "Street Corner College":

> We are the insulted, brother, the desolate boys.
> Sleepwalkers in a dark and terrible land,
> Where solitude is a dirty knife at our throats.
> Cold stars watch us, chum,
> Cold stars and the whores.

In an introduction to "The Hunted City," Mr. Patchen gives his technical credo. "So much nonsense," he says, "has been written about 'structure' of late (usually by schoolmaster-poets), that a great many people have forgotten that the way to build a house is to build it. Those who work with their hands know that the proper method for moving a heavy stone is to get a good firm hold, brace your feet, kick it into motion with the nubs of your fists, and ride it where you want it to go. Make the stone work." By his own criterion, Mr. Patchen makes the stone work.

DEANE MOWRER

The Lyric Years

From Another World: The Autobiography of Louis Untermeyer. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 394 pages. $3.

READERS OF POETRY have long awaited such a book as Louis Untermeyer's autobiography, a revaluation of that astonishing but uncharted upheaval of poetry which occurred roughly between 1910 and the end of the War for Versailles. Though the book consists largely of charmed and charming personal associations, Mr. Untermeyer gets on the sidelines now and then with a shrewd and critical glass. He has spent these three decades in the smoke of controversy, he has publicly saluted, on the morning of their first appearance, most of the distinguished men and women whom he now views in perspective. He knows, if anyone does, the ingredients that went into the making of a Frost, a Lindsay, an Amy Lowell or a Louis Untermeyer, and he speaks out with the frankness of the old *maestro*.

Mr. Untermeyer was born of Northern and Southern Jewish strains, the Northern side being old-shoe modest business men, while the mother's line was definitely Southern, French and patrician. His story opens with a New York boyhood devoted to becoming the greatest American composer and pianist, until the passion for setting down rhymes overwhelmed all other longings. It was not a bookish or sheltered boyhood, spent between the Boys' High School on Thirteenth Street, the theatres of Broadway, and the Lexington Avenue home. He fell in love with Maude Adams, left school for the family jewelry business at sixteen, was discouraged by an audition with de Pachmann and, through the Rand School basement restaurant, became one of the founders of The Masses. He was still an editor of it, and among the culprits, when the magazine fell afoul of the Espionage Act.

The book dispenses with strict chronology and falls into chapter groupings. Two of these deal with The Masses, another with The Seven Arts, of which Mr. Untermeyer was also a founder editor. There are chapters on Amy Lowell, Vachel Lindsay, Sara Teasdale, H. L. Mencken, Robinson and Frost, Elinor Wylie and William Rose Benét, Rockwell Kent, D. H. Lawrence. This arrangement under subjects is well chosen, for the author's personal growth and his career have been inseparable from literary movements. Of self-revelation or philosophy there is little. The book is salted with good stories—some of them already fabulous—on which Mr. Untermeyer puts the brand of first-hand truth; and there is much indispensable advice to anthologists. The author ends, as Horace did, on a farm, devoted to raising "peas, petunias, potatoes . . . paranomasias (he still, as of old, can devote a good build-up to a bad pun) and poetry."

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One may quarrel with him for his title, "From Another World," as indicating too drastic a separation between literary periods. Yet the literary atmospheres preceding and after the war have never mixed without producing explosions. By the early twenties, Randolph Bourne had challenged young writers to think of international affairs. The romanticism of the "new poetry" was dead, with most of its vast production and all its criticism. The source material is now available in Louis Untermeyer's book. It is good reading by a man who knew the incorruptible idealists and incorrigible egotists of his time and sees his own life at its best in the story of his friendships. ORRICK JOHNS

Bill White's Home Grounds

The Changing West, by William Allen White. New York: The Macmillan Company. 154 pages. $1.50.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE pretty nearly *is* the Middle West, all by himself. If there is any other American so characteristic of the region between the Alleghanies and the Rockies, from the Canadian border about two-thirds of the way down the length of the Mississippi, I can't imagine who it is. The Emporia lama has been writing for and about this region all his life; this latest book is a somewhat more pretentious effort than usual to explain the past hundred years of Middle Western history and to consider present problems.

Mr. White has been criticized for his economic analysis, and the criticism seems to me to have merit. He emphasizes the increase in land values as having been one of the bases of Middle Western prosperity until comparatively recent times. Yet these land values were themselves based upon earning power, which was far more important, directly at any rate, than was the increasing pressure of population. Rising land prices didn't obviate the necessity for huge investments by the capitalists of the East and Europe, nor did they prevent one depression after another. It was unhappy land-owning farmers who formed the basis for populism in the Middle West during half a century, farmers in revolt against high interest, low prices, the hard bargaining of elevator men, railroads and meat packers.

In recent years the system has worked worse and worse, in spite of the fact, which impresses Mr. White, that a surprisingly large proportion of the people buy and use automobiles, radios, electric refrigerators. He sees with dismay the plight of the sharecropper and tenant farmer, owners losing their land and going to town to do odd jobs, government money spent to encourage people not to produce. He hopes, not too firmly, for some miracle to set things right again—perhaps some great improvement in the utilization of machine energy. It seems to me that he must look deeper, toward an economic reorganization that will increase the standard of living throughout the United States, in city and country alike, plus a complete revision of our ideas of foreign trade in agricultural products. These objections to Mr. White's book are, however, less important than they sound —dissents on the margins of a volume which in the main is a warm-hearted appreciation of what is in many ways one of the two or three most civilized areas in the world, by the man perhaps the best qualified in the country to talk about it.

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Epitaph for Harding

Incredible Era: The Life and Times of Warren G. Harding, by Samuel Hopkins Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 468 pages. $3.

THAT STRANGE EPISODE, the Harding administration, has waited long for its historian. It was no job for one of those formal, academic writers whom critics call profound only because they are inhuman and dull. Mrs. Harding destroyed all the documents on which she could lay her hands; and the Harding Memorial Association has isolated most of the rest. A few of the men involved in the large public scandals of the period have published their apologias, which, in the nature of the case, have little value. A few fakers like Gaston Means have written sheer trash. The honest men who worked with Harding have held their peace because of their affection for him. That, whatever else he lacked, was Harding's special quality—giving and inspiring affection. The story must come mostly from original sources—the memories of men who knew him and who witnessed events which the newspapers never recorded. Finally, it is a story enacted by strange characters like Gaston Means, Elias Mortimer, Jess Smith; and no one without a novelist's flair for character could have made the material believable. Mr. Adams is both a novelist and a first-class reporter. Not only is this history of Warren Gamaliel Harding's rise, fall and timely death a vivid, moving, wide-sweeping narrative, but it is a sound original source for future historians.

Mr. Adams is a Democrat with profound convictions. For all that, he himself has fallen in love with the man. That is part of the truth in this book. You and I would have done the same. "If every President of the United States could be revealed in his prime and brought into this room, tonight, Harding would be the one we'd all like best on sight," said one of his kitchen cabinet. And when the impartial reader lays down the book, he must feel as do Harding's honest associates of the incredible era—affection mixed with regretful sorrow for a man misplaced. By some of his own flaws he fell; but mostly through the defect of his own highest quality—a liking for people and a belief that with others, as with him, friendship implied loyalty.

With admirable and detached judgment, Mr. Adams has run down the rumors about Harding and his circle, and with an approach to finality has pronounced them true or false. He kills forever the insinuations of the slimy Gaston Means that Mrs. Harding poisoned her husband, and the persistent report that someone—the villain always varies with the narrator—murdered Jess Smith. In confirming another rumor, he does the memory of Harding both disservice and service. Harding had been playing the stock market all through his term; and he died $180,000 behind the game. No man has the moral right to dabble with stocks while he sits in the White House, any more than he has any kind of right to sully the office with those sex intrigues with which Mr. Adams deals so frankly. But on the other hand, no President who loses in the stock market is personally corrupt. In the oil scandal, the Veterans' Bureau scandal and those liquor scandals which were just on the point of exposure when he died, Harding figures not as an accomplice but as a dupe.

In one or two respects, Mr. Adams falls a little short of justice to the man. The senatorial clique which nominated Harding had its eyes fixed solely on the political branch of the job. None thought, probably, of the important administrative function—Chairman of the Board for the biggest business in the world. Scandals in that very branch ruined forever the reputation of his administration. And yet the federal machine as a whole never worked more smoothly and efficiently than under Harding. Also: time out of mind, Presidents have tried to reorganize that cumbersome, outdated machine, and failed—partisan politics always baffled them. Perhaps Harding accomplished more in that direction than any of his predecessors since the Civil War. Because of him, the veteran looking for relief deals with only one agency, instead of shuttling back and forth among a dozen bureaus, divisions and sections, as the farmer still shuttles today. Finally, in his story of the clean-up after Harding's death, Mr. Adams seems to criticize the courts for canceling so many of the oil contracts as fraudulent, while acquitting all but one of the men who drew them. He forgets that in a civil suit the verdict goes with the weight of evidence, while in a criminal trial guilt must be proved beyond a reasonable doubt. But these are small points, after all; and the essential virtue of this book, aside from its lively interest, is its grasp of truth as a whole. WILL IRWIN

A Reader's List

A ROVING COMMISSION, by Winston S. Churchill (Scribner's, $2.50). The First Lord of the Admiralty tells the story of his childhood and youth, which were full of pugnacity, color, excitement and military campaigns that stretch from the Cuban War to Afghanistan and South Africa. The book is valuable for its picture of pre-World War attitudes and activities and, of course, is a good guide to Churchill himself. Dorothy Thompson contributes a foreword to this new edition.

THE JEW IN THE LITERATURE OF ENGLAND, by Montagu F. Modder (Jewish Publication Society, $2.50). A study which shows that the literary roles in which Jewish characters were cast in various periods of English history (comic relief during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, wanderer and bogey-man in the eighteenth century, hero of humanitarianism in the nineteen hundreds) reflected their economic and social status at the time. There is plenty of scholarly detail, but it does not dampen the author's direct and lively style.

FREE ARTIST, by Catherine Drinker Bowen (Random House, $3). The story of pianist-composer Anton Rubinstein and his travels through brilliant nineteenth-century Europe. A combination of novel, biography, music analysis and social study, by a born story-teller with a historian's awareness of facts.

NOTHING BUT DANGER, edited by Frank Hanighen (McBride, $2.75). Ten newspaper correspondents who were in the thick of the Spanish war now write about it without the restraints imposed by censorship. Their adventures were too real to be really enjoyed; that was not a phony war.

CHINA AT WAR, by Freda Utley (John Day, $3.75). Before Japan invaded China, Freda Utley, an English journalist, wrote "Japan's Feet of Clay" to explode the Japanese

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myth. Her new book is a brilliant job of unbiased reporting, praising Chinese endurance and damning Chinese shortcomings—neglect of the masses and especially of wounded soldiers.

HUMANE ENDEAVOR, by Haldore Hanson (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). A good newspaperman's book by an AP reporter who was in on the Chinese war right from the start. He got around a lot and saw the fighting from both sides. Lively and illuminating reading, with some clinical notes to explain why the Japanese can be so charming at home and such devils in China.

HOW STRONG IS BRITAIN? by Count C. E. Pückler (Veritas Press, $2.50). The author is a German journalist who admires Hitler and tries to be objective. Britain, he believes, is strong and rich, but on the decline and unable to win a war unless supported by world opinion; therefore, he advises her to remain friendly with the power "whose policy is more moral than hers," apparently Nazi Germany. Written before March, 1939, and praised by many British periodicals.

DAVY CROCKETT: AMERICAN COMIC LEGEND, edited by Richard M. Dorson (Rockland Editions, $5). Tall tales collected from the Davy Crockett Almanacs, with appropriately extravagant illustrations from contemporary wood engravings. Foreword by Howard Mumford Jones.

NORTH AGAIN FOR GOLD, by Edgar Laytha (Stokes, $3). Pioneering de luxe. An account of a trip by plane to Port Radium and Yellow Knife, in the Arctic Circle, where radium ores and gold are being mined with every modern convenience. Good photographs.

BOOK OF THE BROADLEAF TREES, by Frank H. Lamb (Norton, $3.75). Written for the American amateur of trees rather than the practical forester or farmer—and even the amateur will complain that he is getting too much Joyce Kilmerish sentiment and not enough practical information. The best feature of the book is its handsome photographs of forest scenes all over the world.

VERSE

THE CONNECTICUT RIVER AND OTHER POEMS, by Reuel Denney (Yale, $2). These thirty-three man-sized poems show an unusual faculty for fusing the myths of pioneer America with our contemporary world. Assured simplicity; sustained lyric quality; unsentimental and intellectually strong. (A Yale Younger Poets first.)

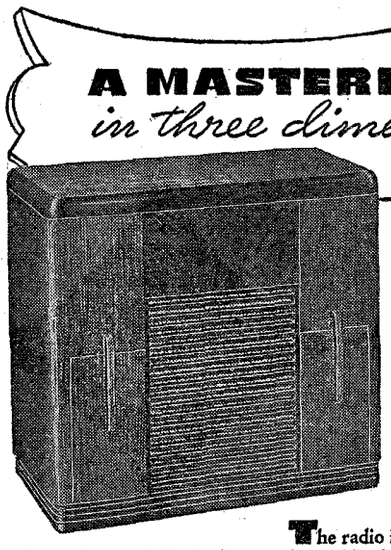
THE ARK AND THE ALPHABET, by Nathalia Crane and Leonard Feeney (Macmillan, $1.35). A poem and an animal for each letter of the alphabet—plus a few extras—comprise what Miss Crane calls an "alphabetic zoo" designed to delight both children and adults. The verse is either too simple or not simple enough:

Snails obey the Holy
Will of God slowly.

ONE PART LOVE, by Babette Deutsch (Oxford, $1.75). Fifty-three rather brief but highly concentrated poems probing into social evils and human emotions. Acrid and expert craftsmanship, and the mark of a positive individuality; in brief, one of the best books Miss Deutsch has written.

FICTION

IVANHOE KEELER, by Phil Stong (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). About a wandering American fiddler in the 1840's who has had bad luck in his love affairs and suffers from



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the feeling (fostered by the plain folks of the Mississippi Valley) that fiddling can't be serious work. But he becomes a hero in the Mexican War, casually makes a couple of fortunes, and winds up believing in his art and happy in love at last. An unconvincing story set against a flimsy historical background.

THE RESCUE OF CAPTAIN LEGGATT, by W. Townend (Morrow, $2.50). About a pig-headed English sea captain whose hatred of the German race was closely tied up with his narrowness as head of a family. It takes brawls in foreign ports, a daring rescue in a storm at sea and a few strange strokes of fate to open his eyes to himself and make him a human being once more. Repetitious, often overwritten, but exciting and unexpected enough to hold one's interest.

Notes About Books and Magazines

The One Act Play and Theatre Review, after a suspension of several months, will resume publication with the issue of January, 1940. William Kozlenko will continue as editor. The New York offices are at 104 West Fortieth Street.

"America's Lost Plays," edited by Barrett H. Clark and others, will be a collection of one hundred plays written by forty-odd American dramatists, designed as not only "a cross-section of the American theatre, but an epitome of the ideas and customs, opinions and philosophies of the American people through almost a century and a half." Publication is on a non-profit basis, but the Princeton University Press needs 350 orders in advance to pay the cost of manufacture. All but about a hundred of these have already been obtained. The set will consist of twenty volumes, and is priced at $75. Instalment terms can be arranged. Publication will be some time in 1940.

The Washington Bookshop, a consumer co-op, publishes its own magazine, the Bookplate (20 pages, 10 cents), which is not only a local organ for the consumers' movement but also a meeting place in print for the poets and short-story writers of the District of Columbia.

Matrix (410 North American Building, Philadelphia) is a little magazine, formerly mimeographed but now established in print, that welcomes contributions from new writers, especially stories and poems. No payment.

Contributors

JONATHAN MITCHELL has written numerous articles dealing with social, political and economic subjects.

H. N. BRAILSFORD, London correspondent for The New Republic, is widely known as a writer on history, economics and international affairs.

DAVID GRENE, formerly a member of the Classics Department at Trinity College, Dublin, is giving courses in Greek and comparative drama at the University of Chicago. He has recently returned from a visit to Ireland.

JOHN O'HARA, novelist and short-story writer, is the author, among other books, of "Appointment in Samarra" and "Files on Parade."

STANLEY FERGUSON worked on the Nye and Wheeler committees as an investigator and is now on the editorial staff of The Washington Observer. He once played with the National High School Orchestra, later with the Worcester Symphony, later with a WPA orchestra and local brass bands. His instruments are trombone, French horn and bassoon.

RALPH BATES, an English novelist who served for more than a year in the Spanish Republican Army, is the author of three novels, "Lean Men," "The Olive Field" and "Rainbow Fish," and a book of short stories, "Sirocco."

DEANE MOWRER is a Louisiana poet who majored in English at the graduate school of the state university. She is now free-lancing in New York City.

ORRICK JOHNS has published several volumes of verse and an autobiography, "Time of Our Lives." Like Louis Untermeyer he played a prominent part in the revival of American poetry that began in 1912, "the lyric year."

WILL IRWIN, a frequent contributor of fiction and articles to magazines, has written many books, among them "Herbert Hoover—A Reminiscent Biography" and "Propaganda and the News."

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